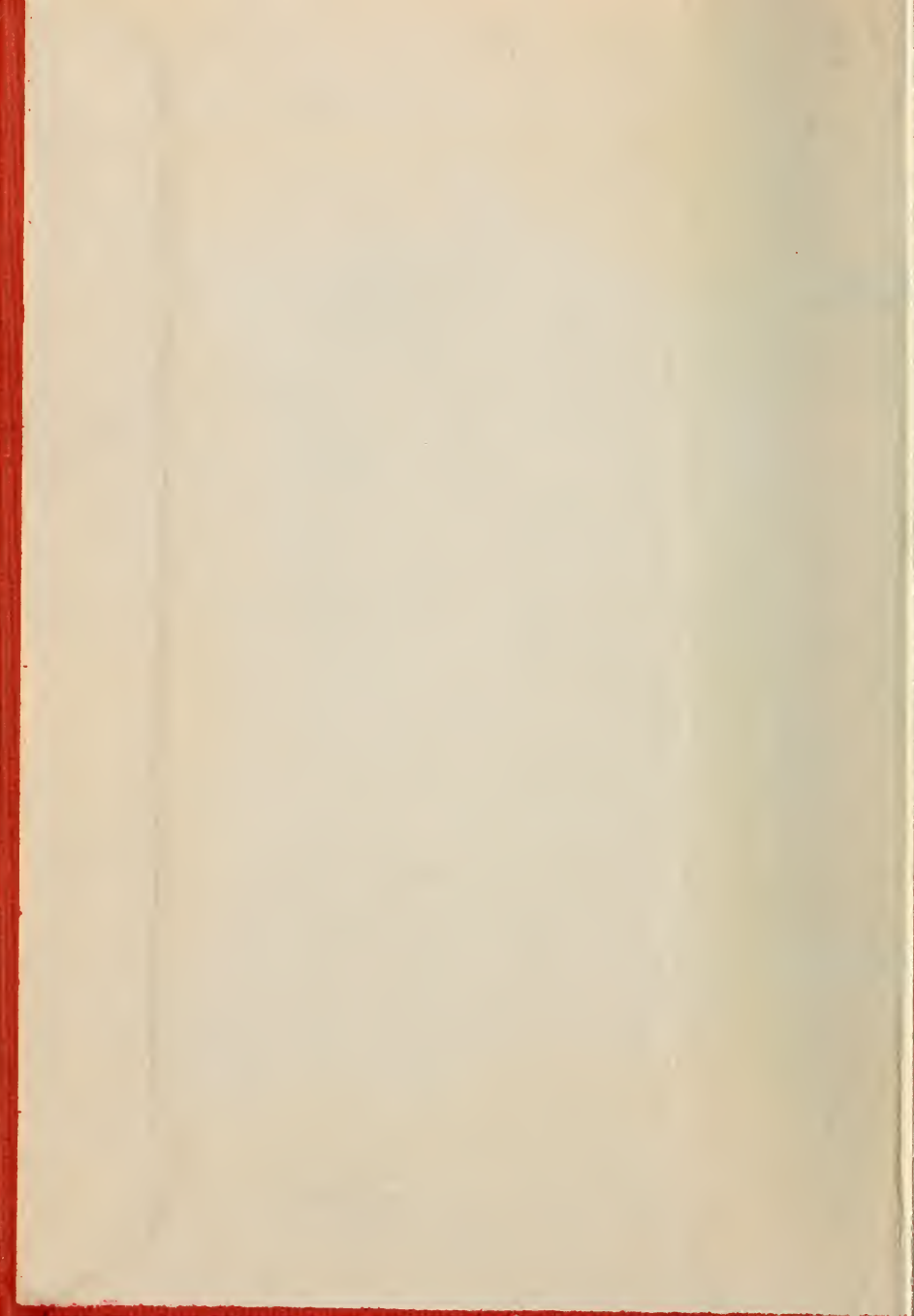








the

LINK

March 1961

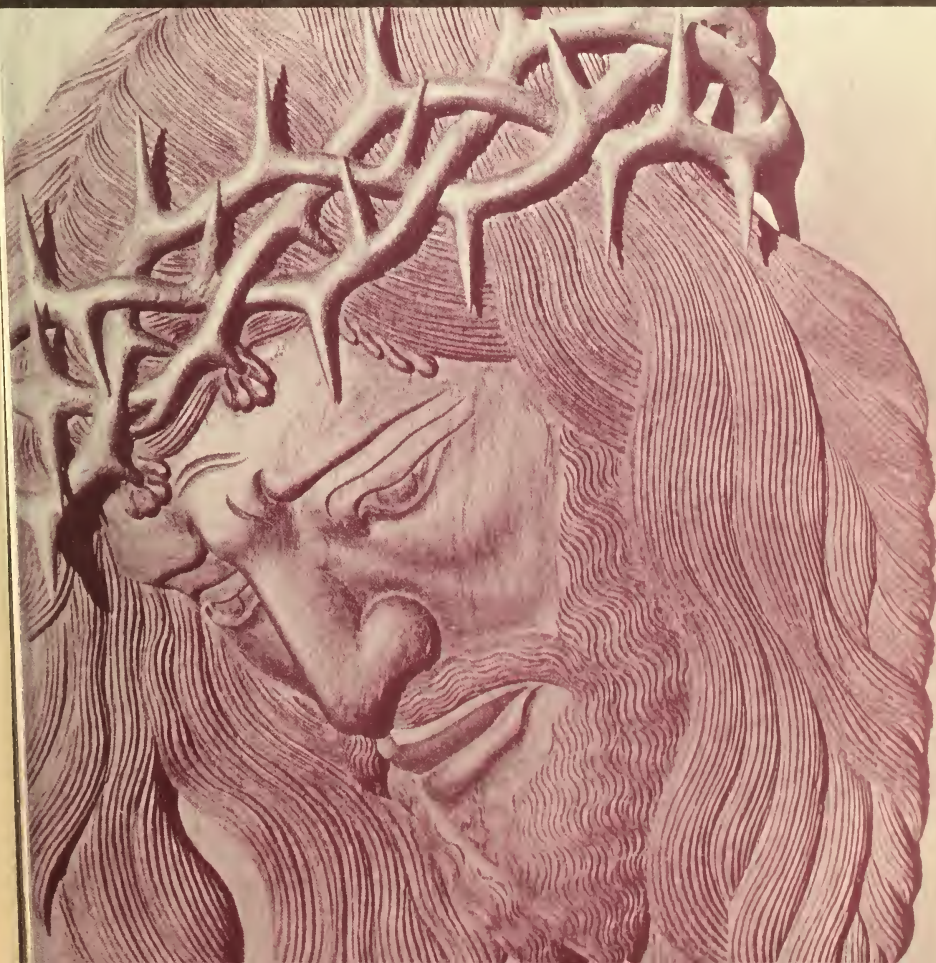
YOUR BODY IS A TEMPLE

A FLARE IN THE DARK

HANG ONTO THOSE PAPERS!

25¢

A PROTESTANT MAGAZINE FOR ARMED FORCES PERSONNEL





Turn to page 38 for article about this room.



THE

LINK



A PROTESTANT MAGAZINE FOR ARMED FORCES PERSONNEL

VOL. 19 • MARCH 1961 • NO. 3

STORIES

- A FLARE IN THE DARK Irma Hegel 8
COMEBACK Kermit Shelby 33

ARTICLES

- WHY I BECAME A MEDICAL MISSIONARY Albert Schweitzer 5
YOUR BODY IS A TEMPLE Bruce Hilton 13
ARIZONA'S FOREST OF FANTASY Jack B. Kemmerer 16
GOD'S PROBLEM-CHILD Billy Graham 19
CHURCHES FOR NEW TIMES Ward L. Kaiser 22
HANG ON TO THOSE PAPERS! Sylvia E. Clark 25
7 WAYS TO WOO A WOMAN Virginia Stockfish 28
DOUBTING THOMAS—ONE OF US George Laird Hunt 30
A PLACE TO PRAY IN THE NATION'S CAPITOL Willadene Price 38
THE SUREST THING IN LIFE Frederick W. Helfer 40
TWENTIETH-CENTURY SAMARITAN Letty M. Shaw 44
A NEW LOOK FOR THE LORD'S PRAYER Robert E. Fuerst 48
HE MAKES ORGANS SPEAK Catharine Brandt 51

OTHER FEATURES

- CROSTIC PUZZLE Willard S. Smith 46
THE APPOINTED TIME Paul K. McAfee 55
LET US PRAY 58
THE LINK SATELLITE 59
THE LINK CALENDAR 62
HELPS FOR LAY LEADERS 63
BOOKS ARE FRIENDLY THINGS 64
AT EASE! 66

COVERS:

Front: March 31 is Good Friday so our cover picture is of a striking teak carving made by a Java pastor and presented by the Chinese church in Semarang, Java, to the Protestant churches of New Zealand. Photo by Religious News Service.

Back: Sermon in Silhouette. See Psalm 121:1. Photo by RNS.

Inside Front: The Prayer Room in the Nation's Capitol. See article on page 38. Photo by Capitol Architect.

Inside Back: Beauty in the kitchen. Photo by Taylor Fogg.

ART WORK: Story illustrations by Stanton Levy. Spots by Volk.

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Sound Off!

A Denominational Secretary Is Pleased

I compliment you on the fine work you are doing in THE LINK. It is a good publication and serving the needs of our military personnel.

—Cawley H. Stine, Secretary, Chaplaincy and National Service,
The Evangelical United Brethren Church.

He Reads THE LINK Second

I have from time to time read your magazine but never paid much mind to it. I have just finished reading your December LINK and it brought joy to my heart to see the help you are giving us servicemen all over the world. Thank you and may the blessed Lord help you to keep THE LINK a wonderful magazine.

I shall keep THE LINK number two on my reading list, as the Bible will always be number one. God bless and be with the staff of THE LINK magazine always.

—Michael L. Spizzirri, SN, U.S.S. *Randolph*, CVS-15, C/O FPO
New York, N.Y. H. Div.

Words of Appreciation

Just a note of appreciation and gratitude for the very fine job that is being done by those responsible for the publication of THE LINK and THE CHAPLAIN. . . . I think both of these publications are better than ever and are fulfilling a real purpose. . . . I feel that THE LINK is really becoming a Protestant publication that appeals to the interest and need of all Protestant personnel. The standards

(Continued on page 65)

STAFF

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All scripture quotations, unless otherwise designated, are from the Revised Standard Version of the Bible.



Why I Became a Medical Missionary

By Albert Schweitzer

ONE morning in the autumn of 1904 I found on my writing table in the College one of the green-covered magazines in which the Paris Missionary Society reported every month on its activities. That evening, in the very act of putting it aside that I might go on with my work, I mechanically opened this magazine, which had been laid on my table during my absence. As I did so, my eye caught the title of an article: "Les besoins de la Mission du Congo" ("The needs of the Congo Mission").

It was by Alfred Boegner, the President of the Paris Missionary Society, an Alsatian, and contained a complaint that the Mission had not enough workers to carry on its work in the Gabon, the northern province of the Congo Colony. The writer expressed his hope that his appeal

would bring some of those "on whom the Master's eyes already rested" to a decision to offer themselves for this urgent work. The conclusion ran: "Men and women who can reply simply to the Master's call, 'Lord, I am coming,' those are the people whom the Church needs." The article finished, I quietly began my work. My search was over.

I wanted to be a doctor that I might be able to work without having to talk. For years I had been giving myself out in words, and it was with joy that I had followed the calling of theological teacher and of preacher. But this new form of activity I could not represent to myself as talking about the religion of love, but only as an actual putting it into practice. Medical knowledge made it possible for me to carry out my intention in the best and most com-

plete way, wherever the path of service might lead me. In view of the plan for Equatorial Africa, the acquisition of such knowledge was especially indicated because in the district of the Gabon, one of the four colonies of French Equatorial Africa, bordering on the Atlantic to which I thought of going, a doctor was, according to the missionaries' reports, the most needed of all needed things. They were always complaining in their magazine that the natives who visited them in physical suffering could not be given the help they desired. To become one day the doctor whom these poor creatures needed, it was worthwhile, so I judged, to become a medical student. Whenever I was inclined to feel that the years I should have to sacrifice were too long, I reminded myself that Hamilcar and Hannibal had prepared for their march on Rome by their slow and tedious conquest of Spain.

I gave up my position of professor in the University of Strassburg, my literary work, and my organ playing, in order to go as a doctor to Equatorial Africa. How did that come about?

I had read about the physical miseries of the natives in the virgin forests; I had heard about them from missionaries, and the more I thought about it the stranger it seemed to me that we Europeans trouble ourselves so little about the great humanitarian task which offers itself to us in far-off lands. The parable of Dives and Lazarus seemed to me to have been spoken directly of us! We are Dives, for, through the advances

of medical science, we now know a great deal about disease and pain, and have innumerable means of fighting them; yet we take as a matter of course the incalculable advantages which this new wealth gives us! Out there in the colonies, however, sits wretched Lazarus, the colored folk, who suffers from illness and pain just as much as we do, nay, much more, and has absolutely no means of fighting them. And just as Dives sinned against the poor man at his gate because for want of thought he never put himself in his place and let his heart and conscience tell him what he ought to do, so do we sin against the poor man at our gate.

THE decision was made when I was twenty-one. In that year, while still a student, I resolved to devote my life till I was thirty to the office of preacher, to science, and to music. If by that time I should have done what I hoped in science and music, I would take a path of immediate service as man to my fellow men. What this path should be I counted on learning from circumstances during the interval.

The idea of devoting myself to the work of medical help in the colonies was not the first form that the resolution took. This one emerged after plans for giving other kinds of help had occupied my mind, and had been given up for the most varied reasons. Finally a chain of circumstances pointed out to me the road which led to the sufferers from leprosy and sleeping sickness in Africa.

I saw a man lying on the ground with his head almost buried in the sand and ants running all over him. It was a victim of sleeping sickness whom his companions had left there, probably some days before, because they could not take him any further. He was past all help, though he still breathed. While I was busied with him I could see through the door of the hut the bright blue waters of the bay in their frame of green woods, a scene of almost magic beauty, looking still more enchanting in the flood of golden light poured over it by the setting sun. To be shown in a single glance such a paradise and such helpless, hopeless misery was overwhelming, but it was a symbol of the condition of Africa.

"The natives who live in the bosom of nature are never so ill as we are, and do not feel pain so much." That is what my friends used to say to me, to try to keep me at home. Out here there prevail most of the diseases which we know in Europe, and several of them—those hideous ones, I mean, which we brought here—produce, if possible, more misery than they do amongst us. And the child of nature feels them as we do, for to be human means to be subject to the power of that terrible lord whose name is Pain.

Physical misery is great everywhere out here. Are we justified in shutting our eyes and ignoring it because our European newspapers tell us not all about it? We civilized people have been spoiled. If any one of us is ill the doctor comes at once. If an operation is necessary,

the door of some hospital or other opens to us immediately. But let everyone reflect on the meaning of the fact that out here millions and millions live without help or hope of it. Every day thousands and thousands endure the most terrible sufferings, though medical science could avert them.

The idealism that I preach is no nebulous thing; it has stood the test of practical achievement. I am confident that a group of men who appeal without too much fanfare to the generosity of any country for the creation of a medical station in the midst of the most underprivileged colonial peoples will be listened to and will succeed in their plans, especially if they are resolved to begin modestly.

In my own life, anxiety, trouble, and sorrow have been allotted to me at times in such abundant measure that, had my nerves not been so strong, I must have broken down under the weight.

But I have had blessings too: that I am allowed to work in the service of mercy; that my work has been successful; that I receive from other people affection and kindness in abundance; that I have loyal helpers, who identify themselves with my activity; that I still enjoy a health which allows me to undertake work; that I have a well-balanced temperament which varies little, and an energy which exerts itself with calmness and deliberation; and, finally, that I can recognize as such whatever happiness falls to my lot, accepting it also as a thing for which some thank offering I owe. ■■



A Flare in the Dark

By Irma Hegel

WELL, there was still his dog, Shultz—all he had left. Birney Mills stalked down the familiar streets of Elmwood. His skin stretched tightly over his jaw bones and his eyes held a burned-out look.

Three years in the service, stuck over on a sweltering island in the Pacific. He had come home to find Faye Dunlap had married Tom Ogg. Fairylike, fragile Faye, choosing that clod of a Tom and moving off to New York. Tom had made money, plenty of it. Maybe that was what counted with girls, even ethereal girls like Faye.

That job they had promised to keep open for him at Koehler's—gone, too. They were laying off men, John Schofield had told him. They

might shut the whole plant down completely come spring.

Shultzie would be waiting though. Old Carl Hieber was boarding him and Carl was one who would be glad to see him.

Finally out of the town, Birney saw Carl's white house on the road ahead. Same picket fence, the two great maples bare and awaiting the touch of spring. Shultzie came bounding down the path. The German Shepherd's ears were cocked erectly, his whole attitude expectant. A leap and he was over the fence, flinging the weight of his great body against Birney, a rough tongue licking his face.

"Shultzie, old pal," Birney said gratefully. "Glad to see me, huh?"

What do you do when you return home to find that you have lost both your old job and your girl?

No one else is. We'll show 'em. We don't need anyone, you and me."

Birney looked up and saw her coming toward the gate. Clear brown eyes that matched her straight brown hair. A freckle-spattered face. "You would be Birney Mills, Shultz's owner," she said in her quiet voice.

"In the flesh," said Birney. "Where's Carl Hieber? I want to pay Carl the rest of the board money I owe him."

"Grandpa's dead. Derry and I are living here now. Derry's my son. I'm Karen Kilbourne."

So Carl was dead. Birney swallowed hard. "I'm sorry about your grandfather. He was my friend."

"I know. Grandpa's spoken of you often."

Birney pulled out his wallet. "I'll pay you. You'll be glad to get Shultzie off your hands."

She shook her brown head. "Derry and Shultz are inseparable. I was hoping you'd let me buy your dog."

"Are you kidding?" Birney glared at the calm freckled face. "I've lost everything since I came back to Elmwood—my girl and my job. No, ma'am! No one's getting Shultz away from me."

Karen held the gate open. "Come in, Mr. Mills. You'll stay for dinner. Grandpa would have wanted that."

She's not buttering me up to get my dog for her kid, Birney thought. "No reason why we can't settle everything out here," he said gruffly.

The boy came running from the house then. The kid looked like his

mother, Birney decided. Same brown hair. Same brown eyes and freckles. Shultz sneaked from his side to nuzzle his black rubber-like nose against the boy. The small arms went around the dog's neck to hold him tightly. "Mom," he said, "he's not taking Shultz away, is he?"

"This is Birney Mills, Derry," said Karen. "Mr. Mills is Shultz's owner. Shultz belongs to him."

"Not anymore." Derry held the tighter to Shultz. And his goop of a dog ate it up, slobbering over the kid and wagging his tail.

"Let's cut out the hearts and flowers," said Birney. "What do I owe you?"

"Nothing," Karen declared. "Shultz did more for Derry than I can ever repay." She clasped her hands behind her, refusing the proffered twenties Birney was holding out to her.

Derry was crying. Shultz whined softly.

"I'll tell you what I'll do." Birney stuffed the bills back in his wallet. "I'll leave Shultz here till I get settled, no longer—you understand?"

"Thank you, Mr. Mills," said Karen. "By that time Derry will have made the adjustment."

BIRNEY swung off and Shultz made no attempt to break away from the kid and follow him. Adjustments, the Kilbourne girl had said. Who worried about adjustments for him? His girl married to

another man. His job gone. His dog slobbering over some kid he'd never seen before and looking at him as if he expected him to understand. No one cared. A fellow stood alone.

Back to town, the long way. Pigeon Creek, the neighborhood he'd grown up in. Same old brick schoolhouse with the dusty yard and the poles with their baskets for basketball practice. He wondered if Martha Mertz was still teaching there. The way she had talked to the kids. Geography had been a magic carpet to take them to faraway places—never any sweltering island in the Pacific in Miss Mertz's picture of her wide world. But even had she been on an island, Martha Mertz would have been enthusiastic over the blue ocean; she would have learned the gibberish of the natives. Martha Mertz was like that. She saw potentialities in everything, including a small orphan rebel like himself.

The church came into view, its lofty spire lifted high. Birney wondered if Alan Lochart was still the preacher. Nice guy, Lochart. None of this perpetual hammering on negative Christianity. Lochart could take a group of them on a hike and make them see God in the trees, the mountains and the rivers. Streams emptying themselves into the ocean. Trees giving their leaves to make a mulch for next year's ground. Service—helpfulness—love—Christ's teachings in language a boy could understand.

Pigeon Creek Road—the street where he had lived. Birney saw the small smattering of houses more

weather-beaten and decrepit than he remembered them, all of them standing in water as if they'd come through a flood. He'd lived in that end shack with Uncle Nat and Aunt Mary, both gone now.

Sarah Wickham was still with them though. Birney saw the old woman waddling out of her house to stick a booted foot into the muddy stream outside her door.

"Mrs. Wickham," Birney called. "Hold on a minute and I'll help you."

The old woman looked up, her near-sighted eyes peering curiously at him. "If it isn't Birney Mills," she cried. "My, oh my! Can you leap across the water, laddie? Come in, come in. I'll make you tea."

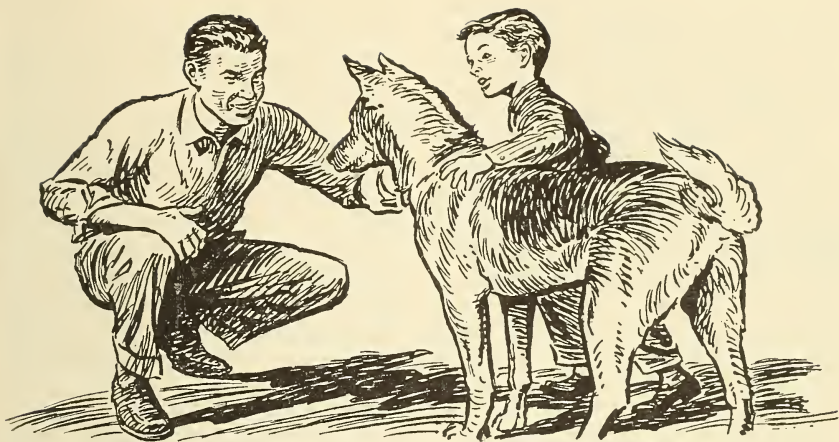
Birney missed the leap and felt the cold water drench his trousers. "Pigeon Creek overflow again?" he asked.

"Birney-lad, it's this way all year 'round. The rampaging ditch runs from our street to the next, never dryin' up. I'm forever pullin' some wee one from the water, a-feared of them drownin'."

"They could install a drainage sewer," said Birney.

"At a cost of \$200,000? What men we got in City Hall right now would rather line their own pockets. Primaries are a-comin' up. We're organized now, we voters. We'll put a man of our own on the ballot. Someone like you, Birney." Mrs. Wickham led him into her shabby living room and gazed at him fondly.

Birney spread out his hands. "Me? You don't want me, Mrs. Wickham—who does? Faye walked out on me. Koehler will give me a recommenda-



tion, nothing else. Shultz would rather be with the Kilbourne kid than me."

Mrs. Wickham waddled toward the kitchen, pulling him along with her. "What a big case of self-pity we've got. We all knowed that Faye was no girl for you. Other jobs besides Koehler's. So you think you're alone, do you? I'm a widow. Folks say I'm alone. Kids growed up and married with young 'uns of their own. We're still not alone, you and me. We've got our Lord, a lifetime of memories in Elmwood, love to remember and people who care. Nobody's alone who's got memories. Do you know why Derry Kilbourne loves your Shultz? Derry and his Ma and Pa were in that train wreck over at Lodi. Theirs was the car that rolled down that embankment. Derry's Pa lost his life tryin' to save them that was trapped. Derry's legs were that mangled his Ma was

a-feared he'd never walk again. Karen took her boy to her Grandpa's and Derry and Shultz got acquainted. How the boy loved that dog o' yours. He'd clasp those little arms around the dog's neck. One day he was standin'. Shultzie kept a-coaxin' him. Derry walked—you might say our Lord and that dumb brute worked together."

Birney watched Mrs. Wickham, still in her boots, set out cups and saucers and set the pot to boiling. "It's somethin' inside us, Birney-lad," she continued. "No matter how tough the goin' gets, that somethin' inside us keeps a-tellin' us to go on, to make life better for somebody else. 'Course, you've got to love to do that. Nobody's ever lonely who loves."

"I could start getting the drainage sewer," said Birney.

"Ah, that's more like it." Mrs. Wickham thumped him soundly on

the back. "You see Parson Lochart and old Mose Thompson of the Citizens' Committee. You're an engineer, college-educated. A meetin' tonight. Parson will tell you all about it."

They drank tea and ate fat wedges of toast thickly buttered and sprinkled with cinnamon. They talked of the old days and Birney felt his loneliness drop from him like a cloak. He was *home*.

REVEREND Lochart greeted him enthusiastically. He had to stay for supper in the parsonage that night. After the meal, the meeting where he met all his old neighbors and friends. He wound up with the job of committeeman. Old Mose insisted he report for work at his construction company the next day. Mrs. Archer said she had a first floor apartment just right for a bachelor.

Birney moved from his hotel. He tackled his new job. He helped line up the campaign for the coming primary. Busy days. Busy nights.

He was not prepared for the timid knock that came on his door that night in early March. He opened it to find Derry and Shultzie. "I come to bring you back your dog," Derry said. "Mom says when we love, we've got to give up something. I kind of forgot you loved Shultzie too."

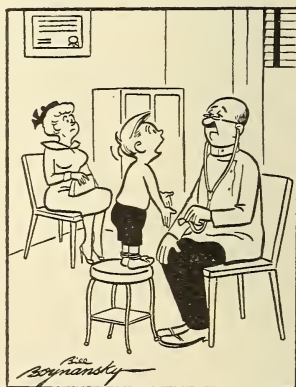
Birney patted the tail-wagging Shultzie, then knelt down so that his face was on a level with the boy's. "Did you come to town all by yourself to tell me this, Derry?"

"No, sir. Mom's out in the front yard. Mom's been telling me what you're doing for Pigeon Creek. She says a good soldier never stops fight-

ing for what he believes is right. I want to be a good soldier."

Birney looked down at the two sturdy legs of the boy. He smiled. "You'll make a fine soldier. Now Mrs. Archer didn't say anything about letting me keep a dog here so maybe you'd better keep Shultzie with you. Oh, I'll come to see him and you and your Mom real often if you'll let me. A drugstore's handy. I know the owner. He makes the best chocolate sodas that you ever tasted. He'd even give us a dish of ice cream for Shultzie."

Two small arms went 'round Birney's neck and clung tightly. From the shadows of the yard, Birney could see Karen moving toward the steps. Her brown eyes were pools of tenderness and her freckled face was glowing. No one was alone, Birney thought. Like a flare in the dark always those who cared. A man had only to open his eyes and walk toward the light. ■ ■



"Break it to her gently, Doc. That I'm normal and healthy."

Your Body Is a Temple



By Bruce Hilton

I'D LIKE to kick this thing right out through the wall!"

Sparks shot from the eyes that had set a thousand Cinemascope screens aglow; the mouth voted "most kissable" by a majority vote of all the sailors on the U.S.S. *Pawtucket* was twisted into a snarl.

Brenda Built wearily climbed off the exercise machine.

"How come you put up with it, Miss Brenda?" the maid asked. "Three, four hours a day in here, exercisin', makin' up. I know you get tired of it; how come you do it?"

"It's my loyal, loving fans, darling." Brenda smiled. "If this pretty pink body gets as much as five more pounds, or two more wrinkles, or *one* more chin—well, they'd leave me quicker than you can say 'has-been. . . .'"

Mr. Hilton is editor of Friends, Evangelical United Brethren publication for Junior Highs.

Airman First Class Arno Byrd pushed aside the empty shot glass and raised his index finger in the usual signal—high enough for Pete, behind the bar, to see it, and not high enough to disturb the rest of the hand where it reposed on the bar.

"Good to be back home," Byrd thought. "Halfwit at the club at Norris last night, asking if I hadn't had enough. . . . So what if we were flying this morning; Pete knows I can handle it . . . can pour it in all night, with the best of 'em . . . and never show it. . . ."

"Yeah," he suddenly said aloud as Pete set down a double, "and I can quit any time I want to, too!"

Tech Sergeant Philo Phemur grunted in approval as he squinted at the tape measure wrapped around

his bulging upper arm. "Up a quarter inch just this last month," he muttered to no one in particular, since the post gym was empty except for himself.

He tucked the tape measure back into the pocket of his gym pants and bent to grasp the 150-pound bar bell. . . .

Private Aubrey Flint looked up sharply as the barracks door banged open. "Hey, Aub," shouted Bill Veep, "come on out and play a little ball. We're one guy short for a game with Barracks A."

"No, thank you," Aubrey frowned, and turned back to his reading.

"Aw, come on, it'll do you good. Put a little muscle on those skinny bones."

"If you must know," Aubrey answered, "I consider such activity sinful. Man is a spiritual being, not an animal, and should be improving his mind, not his—"

He stopped when he heard the slamming of the door.

In His Image

We are God's creatures; most of us admit that. We are amazed at the intricate construction of our bodies, at the wonderful things a brain can do. And we remember vaguely that it says somewhere in the Bible that we are "God's temple and that God's Spirit dwells" in us.

But what does it mean? What is the right attitude to take toward these bodies we have?

One thing we know. Overindulgence, pampering the body, letting it rule us—that's not the way.

Worshipping the Temple

Ever since Eve reached for that apple, man has been sinning against his body by giving in to its appetites.

Both Arno Byrd, who saturates his body in 100-proof, and the man who supports thirty extra pounds of blubber around his middle and under his chin are misusing the bodies God gave them.

So are the three-packs-a-day smoker and the moonlighter who holds down an outside job on four hours of sleep. So is the lonesome kid who gives his body to the first willing floozy he meets on a twenty-four-hour pass.

All are worshipping the temple, instead of the God who created it. And Brenda Built and her sister stars are the goddesses of this cult of body worship.

Tearing Down the Temple

Unfortunately, there are many well-meaning people who have gone clear to the other end of things. They not only do not overindulge; they don't give their bodies anything not absolutely necessary.

The body, they say, is a worthless husk. Don't waste time on it. Submerge its appetites, and concentrate on developing the soul.

In the first centuries after Christ, monks and hermits who believed this would deliberately punish their bodies. They wore shirts of scratchy horsehair, so that every move was painful. They ate the bare minimum needed for life, and deliberately chose foods they didn't like. Many tried to do away with their sexual

appetite by castrating themselves.

Some of their spirit is still with us. The idea that healthy recreation is wrong on Sunday is still much alive. The Roman Catholic Church still teaches that marital relations are strictly for the purpose of begetting children, and that to enjoy them for their own sake is a sin.

Some legalistic churchmen still seem to make their faith a series of "don'ts," leading to the young man's plea that "Everything I like is either illegal, immoral or fattening!"

"God's Spirit Dwells . . ."

What about it? How is a Christian to treat his body? What would the Bible say about Philo and Brenda, who spend hours keeping photogenic? Or about Arno, who is slowly pickling his body? Or about Aubrey, who's doing the best he can to ignore his?

The Apostle Paul faced a question like this. A letter had come from Corinth, the wildest leave town on the Mediterranean Sea. The church which Paul had established there several years before was struggling in the face of immorality and wickedness, even among its members.

The letter especially asked Paul's advice about marriages which were breaking up and lives which were going down the drain because men couldn't say no to wine and women.

You will want to read the answer which this wise old former athlete and soldier sent to Corinth. It's the first letter to the Corinthians, especially Chapters 1 through 6.

It is summed up in 3:16 and 17: "Do you not know that you are

God's temple and that God's spirit dwells in you? If any one destroys God's temple, God will destroy him. For God's temple is holy, and that temple you are."

Body and Soul

Old Paul knew that it is foolish to try to separate body and soul. The temple is neither to be worshiped for its own sake, nor left to crumble through neglect.

Even modern science is coming more and more to see that body and soul are inseparably linked during our life on earth. Doctors now will say that as many as half of the physical illnesses they treat are related to the patient's state of mind.

And psychiatrists are learning that a much higher percentage of mental illness may be due to chemical and other physical causes than they had previously thought.

Parents recognize that their children's spiritual growth can come only as their bodies are ready to help them grasp certain truths. There are certain ages when a young person is predictably idealistic, or selfish, or imaginative.

And adults can see that the body is the instrument through which the soul communicates with God.

All of which means that merely taking adequate care of our bodies—through diet, exercise, rest and relaxation—is not enough. Good stewardship of this gift of God means putting it to the very best use.

"You are not your own," Paul reminded the Corinthians. "You were bought with a price. So glorify God in your body."





A fifty-year-old saguaro cactus acts as a signpost to direct two riders through the cactus trail with its many varied and odd plants.

Have you ever seen a forest that has no trees?

Arizona's Forest of Fantasy

By Jack B. Kemmerer

THERE'S a forest in southern Arizona that contains not a single tree—a ninety-nine-square mile area without duplication in the world. It is the Saguaro National Monument, a fabulous place where gila monsters, diminutive mice and weird lizards scamper about under giant cucumber-like growths that weigh ten tons and tower fifty feet high, yet are supported by delicate roots anchored only a few inches below the sand's surface.

This fantastic forest attracts throngs of visitors each year—a total of sixty-five thousand last year—who come to marvel at the gigantic cactus

plants covering the park in a dense growth that averages thirteen thousand saguaros per square mile. Located seventeen miles east of Tucson, the Saguaro National Monument was established by Presidential decree March 1, 1933, and encompasses 54,971 acres of federal lands. It is open to visitors the year around.

The saguaro (pronounced su-war-ro) is one of nature's strangest creations. Sometimes called the "organ cactus," because its tall, fluted trunk resembles an organ pipe, the plant is a living water bottle and a marvel of engineering, with no two saguaros exactly alike. It can suck up a ton

of water from a single rainfall and then live for four years without another drink, producing colorful flowers and succulent fruit which are both beautiful and edible. Indians eat the fresh fruit, or process it into cakes or boiled into syrup. It also supplies the ingredients for a powerful liquor and the plant itself is useful as firewood and as building material.

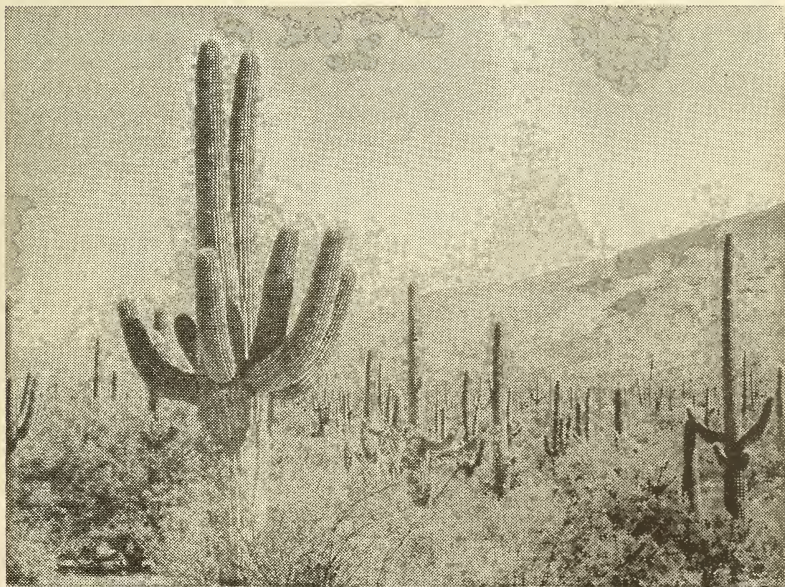
The saguaro's surface is covered with "accordion pleats"—deep, dark green verticle grooves. As the plant collects water from infrequent desert rains, the pleats flatten out. When the water is used, the pleats return. In unusually wet weather the saguaro sometimes gulps up more water than it can hold with the result that it splits open, thus killing

the plant. A heavy wax protects the cactus from the sun and rows of long, sharp needles keep cattle and other animals at a safe distance.

Saguaros grow slowly at first. The tiny seed germinates readily but develops so leisurely that a two-year-old plant is only $\frac{1}{4}$ -inch high. At ten years it is merely four inches tall, then growth accelerates until it is growing four inches a year. It matures at fifty years but continues to grow until it nears the age of two hundred years, weighs up to ten tons and reaches heights of thirty-five to fifty feet.

Structural wonders characteristic of the saguaro seem to defy engineering laws; its base is thinner than its mid-section, and the roots are so shallowly embedded that they

The giant saguaro cactus is extremely rare in the United States, being found only in the southern part of Arizona. Only on a few occasions have a number of these amazing plants been found in one or two isolated spots in southeastern California. Saguaro blossom is Arizona's state flower.



can be uncovered by scraping a shoe across the sandy desert floor. Saguaros are anchored by lateral roots spreading out as far as the tree is tall in each direction. A fifty-foot saguaro may be encircled by roots one hundred feet in diameter. So strong is this natural bracing that few of these majestic plants are ever blown down.

The saguaro is man's best friend in the desert. Indians and early explorers long ago learned to count on it as a source of food and water. Even as recently as last year it proved to be a life-saving Samaritan to three teen-age boy scouts who became lost for two days in the remote areas of the Saguaro National Monument. When a rescue party found them, the scouts had put their woodcraft training to good use. They were safe, comfortable and unperturbed in a small shelter they'd built of saguaro limbs. A campfire of dead cactus was blazing merrily while the scouts dined on saguaro pulp and boiled juice.

"All the comforts of home," one scout remarked, "and we felt safer in this treeless forest than we ever did on busy city streets!" ■ ■

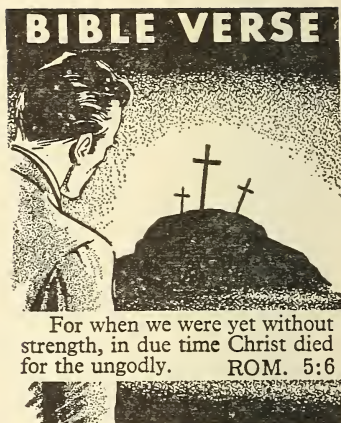
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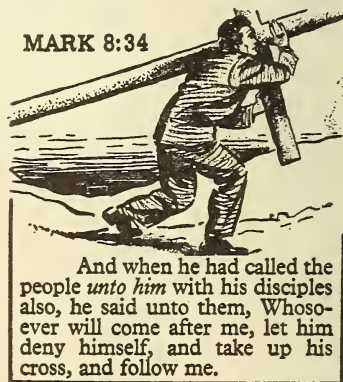
ECHO

Conscience,
Like an echo,
Repeats, repeats, repeats
The evil deed that we prefer
Forgetting.

—Ruby Zagoren



For this month we have two Scripture verses—Romans 5:6 and Mark 8:34. We see that Christ died for us. He gave his life for our sins. We are not good enough in ourselves to win the victory over sin and so Christ comes to our aid. Then we see that when Christ calls us to be his disciples he asks us to die to sin, to self, to the world and take up our cross and follow him. As someone has said, "If self is on the throne, Christ is on the cross; but if self is on the cross, Christ is on the throne."



God's Problem-Child

By Billy Graham

IF there was one fellow that God had trouble with, it was Samson. I call him "God's Juvenile Delinquent." F.B.I. Director J. Edgar Hoover has said that juvenile crime in America has increased ten per cent in one year. He's alarmed, and *every* American should be alarmed with him. Forty-one per cent of all arrests for serious crimes in New York last year involved youth under 21. In fact, many of our young people are getting into trouble before they are eight years old! One authority says that fellows and girls are getting into trouble at an earlier age and are committing more vicious crimes than at any other time in history. It is predicted that by 1965 one boy in five will have a police record by the time he is 20 years old.

Many people are trying to analyze the delinquency problem, but in most cases they are dealing only with symptoms. We hear a great deal about teen-age insecurity, bad neighborhoods, too much leisure time and not enough parental control, suggestive movies and books, television, and so on. These all contribute to moral deterioration of many young people, but they are, in my opinion, only symptoms. The cause of *all causes* is something else, and I want to show it to you.

Samson was an unusual person, born at a critical time in the history of his country, Israel. The Philistines had oppressed Israel for many years, and God gave Samson the greatest opportunity any man could ever want. He was a strong man—we all know that—yet he failed miserably! He had the best heritage, home, and training of almost any man in the Old Testament, yet he missed the boat!

Now, the root of Samson's trouble was not a broken home, nor his neighborhood, or the school he attended. His problem was the problem of millions today, and it may be *your* problem, teen-ager!

Samson was a strong man, a rugged he-man who was handsome. He attracted the girls wherever he went. He was a pretty keen fellow, too, when you consider some of the tricks he pulled. Like catching three hundred foxes, tying their tails together with fire brands between their tails, and sending them out across the fields of the Philistines! When his enemies tried to catch him, he just picked up the gate of the city and took it away! He had beautiful and unusually long hair, and God warned him never to cut it because it was the symbol of his strength and his dedication to God.

Samson was young, with all of the enthusiasm and potentials of youth. He had godly parents who sought divine guidance in rearing him. Most of all, God had a plan for his life, a plan that meant conquering the enemy and making Samson a real hero.

Now, Samson had all these advantages, and *you* have advantages, too. Why, you have advantages over other young people and over every other generation that ever lived! You have everything to make you the kind of teen-ager you ought to be, everything to get the most out of your life. God has a plan for *your* life just as he had one for Samson, and you can follow or reject it. Samson had some problems, and because of these problems he missed God's best for his life.

The first problem he had was a *romantic problem*. There comes a time in a boy's life when he becomes aware of the opposite sex and that happened to Samson. He went down to Timnath and lost his heart to a girl and got his life all mixed up with sex.

There's nothing wrong with sex, and the Bible adopts no "hush-hush" attitude on the subject. But the wrong emphasis on sex has affected almost every phase of life today—movies, plays, books, magazines, advertising. This great creative energy should be dedicated to God, because God will use it and take you to the top.

Maybe you have already made some mistake along this line and committed some sins. God can forgive you! Christ's blood shed on the



Cross can wash away the foulest sin and make you pure again. But you must come to Christ and let him forgive you. And Jesus will give you strength when temptations come. In Christ there is power and victory. In fact there is no other power—anywhere—that can keep you pure and clean and make you what you ought to be—except Jesus Christ.

Samson had another problem—a *parental problem*. A teen-ager said the other day, "Parents are such a problem!" Samson's parents tried to advise him, but Samson wanted this girl—and he didn't care what it cost him. He didn't care what he did to his parents or how many heartaches he caused. How many young people are filled with selfishness today! All they know is "I, I, I!" Like Sampson, they are inconsiderate of their loved ones and determined to have their own way, live their own lives, and have no inter-

ference or advice from their parents. Yet the Bible says, "Honor thy father and thy mother."

Another of Samson's problems—one teen-agers face today—was *too much leisure time*. Youthful energy plus too much leisure time equals trouble. Samson began to use his spare time and abounding strength for mischief. Teen-agers are filled with restless energy, and this energy has got to be spent somewhere. If you don't get into some constructive activity, you will do like Samson and get into trouble. Teen-ager, give your life to Christ, and then you'll have something to do! You'll have something to challenge you, to take your energy, to build your body, soul, and mind. Youth programs in God's churches are doing a splendid job with high-school young people across the country, but they could do better. That's where you come in. In America today we need young people who know Christ and live for him.

But Samson's biggest problem, and your biggest problem, was the *problem of sin*. Samson committed about every sin in the Book! He broke the First Commandment because he didn't put God first in his life. He broke the Second Commandment because he worshiped at the shrine of lust. He didn't honor his parents, and so broke the Fourth Commandment. He broke the Sixth Commandment because he murdered. He broke the Ninth Commandment because he lied, and the Tenth Commandment because he coveted. Samson followed the philosophy of many teen-agers today, "Go ahead and live it up! Have a good time!" Yes, Samson did just that, and he reaped corruption and death.

God was long-suffering with Samson. God cared for Samson and longed for him to come back for twenty *long years*! God was patient, and God grieved over Samson; and for twenty years Samson was able to "get away" with his sins. Then God said, "I've had enough!" You can "get away" for a year or two, maybe five or even ten, but eventually there will come a time when God will say, "You've gone too far! My patience has run out!" Then you have to pay for your sins, and "the wages of sin is death." ■■

POINT OF VIEW

When we have the courage to view
it

In the light of our goal just ahead,
How often we find that a problem
Has changed to a challenge instead.

—Mary Hamlett Goodman



IT'S A long way from the hills of Palestine to the smokestacks of Detroit. Can the same Christianity that was born in one prove relevant in the other?

Sometimes the church fails to adapt to a new and unfamiliar world. It doesn't keep up. Driving through turnpike traffic in a horse and buggy is far less foolish.

Yet the church can move with faith and meet with success in altering its approach to meet changing conditions of life. True, the people of God have no right to change the character of the Chris-

tian message, but they have a very real duty to vary the strategy by which they proclaim and relate that message to the world.

You and I live in a time of rapid change. "If it's in production, it's obsolete." What are some of the changes that make our times "new," and how do they relate to the work of the church?

People and Problems

For one thing, *America is growing*. An average of eight babies are born every minute. Every month we add enough people to equal a city the

Churches for New Times

By Ward L. Kaiser



size of Richmond, Virginia, or Dayton, Ohio. By 1975 our population is expected to reach 220 million.

More and more of these people are living in urban areas. We used to be a nation of wide-open spaces; today 65 per cent of us live in cities. The figure is still rising. The Los Angeles and New York metropolitan areas each grew by seven hundred persons a day over the last ten years.

Americans are also a people on the move. Currently, one family in five changes its address in a year's time. Whole new communities spring up overnight.

But life, even in modern America, isn't simply a spiral of getting bigger and better. There are problems, too.

For one, *crime and delinquency*. "The absolutes of our forefathers have been lost in today's great social and moral reshuffling," says Dr. Roy G. Ross of the National Council of the Churches of Christ. "Moral fibre has deteriorated." The F. B. I. reports that there are, in this country which takes such pride in its system of higher education, three times as many criminals as college students. The Bureau of Vital Statistics reported that 208,700 babies were born to unmarried mothers in 1958. A murder is committed on the average every forty minutes; a major crime every twenty-two seconds.

How will the different races of men live together in these United States? Here we have one of the major breakthroughs of our time; here is social change of the first order. The demand for equal educational oppor-

tunity, the sit-ins and now the kneel-ins have all had their effect on the changing American scene. The end is not yet in sight.

Where, in all this, is the church? What is its message for a changing society, and what its task?

Can Churches Meet Challenges?

Change is nothing new for the church; it has always lived in the center of it. The important fact is that, as a recent book puts it, the church has been "in step with time"—alert to changing needs, ready to rethink and revise its patterns of operation to meet the demands of the day. Through its mission to America, the church is seeking to respond creatively to this day's challenges.

Since America is growing, her churches must also grow. Not just in membership, but in the number of congregations. Meryl Ruoss of the National Council of Churches estimates that we Protestants should be building two thousand churches a year just to keep pace with population growth. Then reflect on the fact that the bill for this would run about half a billion dollars a year just for land and buildings! Any wonder that the church needs to talk pretty frankly sometimes to people like me about our contribution to the job?

The millions who move to the suburbs usually find one or more Protestant churches willing to serve their neighborhood. Protestants find the suburbs a congenial place in which to operate. Of all the new

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churches we're putting up, most are located in the suburban rings of our cities.

It's different in the inner city. Here Protestant churches have frequently fled when the neighborhood changed and a "new kind" of people move in. But today, at long last, we're beginning to wake up to the fact that we have a ministry to all kinds of people. In these new times, churches are being encouraged to stay put and use their sanctified imagination in adapting program to the needs of newcomers. Interracial congregations frequently result.

In 1948 not one major Protestant denomination was at work among the people of East Harlem, New York City, in one of the world's most densely populated areas. Today the East Harlem Protestant Parish provides a virile Christian program; it comes to grips with the special needs of its area, including abnormally high rents for low-class housing, dope addiction, teen-age gangs, and the frustrations that go with dead-end living. The Inner City Protestant Parish in Cleveland and the West Side Christian Parish in Chicago, among many others, are similarly showing Christ's own compassion for men who must live in the midst of conditions they did not create. One fact stands out sharp and clear; the church can gear creatively into the changing city; therefore it it dare not desert.

New communities similarly challenge the church. When a vast trailer

town mushroomed beside the Colorado River in northern Arizona, the Methodists were assigned responsibility for putting the church into the picture. So a minister moved in, trailer and all, taking his place alongside the construction teams. This action meant one thing: the church belongs. And just as it belongs in new communities like Page, Arizona, so it belongs everywhere.

In the fight against juvenile crime, the churches are increasingly developing strategies that work. For example, among American Baptist churches a "junior citizens" program takes young people who have serious problems into a camping experience with trained adult counselors. No miracles are promised, but some do take place: lives are changed and new directions taken.

In race relations the church is doing more than ever before. Nobody claims what the church is doing is worth bragging about, but it is something, and it is helpful. In these new times, as human relationships are worked out according to new patterns, it is clearly up to Christians to go the second mile.

In stable times the church's task is difficult enough; in changing times it is ten times harder. But the rugged way—of discipline, of thought, of service, of sacrifice—is the way Christ leads. The church, whether it was set to minister among the hills of Galilee or the smokestacks of Detroit, has never found a better or more attractive way. ■ ■

If nobody knows the trouble you've seen, you're not talking to the right people.
—Tit-bits



Hang On to Those Papers!

By Sylvia E. Clark

A MILITARY career produces so many official documents that service families, with frequent moves, are tempted to throw them away. Obviously no serviceman could keep and carry around with him all the papers he receives in connection with his enlistment, but certain ones are very important to keep. They may be worth hundreds of dollars to a serviceman or an ex-serviceman. The General Accounting Office in Washington, D.C., reviews every financial transaction of the government and requires that any errors it finds be corrected. You may receive a letter ten years from now stating that the government owes you a sum of money which you can claim only by submitting certain papers as proof of entitlement. Or you may receive a letter demanding that you pay a sum of money or show proof why you should not. As a former employee of the Air Force Accounting and Finance Center in Denver,

Colorado, where I helped to process such cases of entitlement and indebtedness, I am glad of this opportunity to tell you which papers you should keep.

In one case that I remember well the General Accounting Office found that a number of technical sergeants had been underpaid when they worked on a certain project. All those who could send copies of their temporary duty orders to prove that they were members of the group were reimbursed. In another case a First Lieutenant would have been entitled to damages for loss of some of his household goods if he had been able to send his change of station orders to prove that he was authorized to move his family.

Another man was required to refund the difference between ordinary mileage and that paid for hauling a house trailer because he could not prove that he had sent in his request to move the trailer within the re-

quired length of time before he moved. A Major lost a considerable amount of money due him when he could not prove the exact date when his promotion became effective. Installations are supposed to maintain records and furnish copies of orders to men who have worked in them, but mistakes are made, installations are moved or deactivated or the supply of copies runs out. The best way to be sure of having copies of your papers is to keep them yourself.

Which papers should you keep? All documents showing enlistment, re-enlistment, changes of station, changes of grade, pay and status. Also keep papers assigning you to temporary duty and courses of instruction, since your right to mileage, per diem or quarters may be questioned.

Even papers concerning your private life may, if kept, protect your right to a sum of money. Airmen are frequently asked to refund mileage for movement of their families when they are unable to prove that they established a "bona fide home." Saving rent bills, utility bills or bills for the purchase of household furnishings will take care of this, as well as repair bills, medical bills and children's report cards. More difficult to prove is that a man intended to establish a bona fide home but was prevented by circumstances beyond his control. Unless he can prove it, the GAO may claim that his family went with him only for the ride and make him refund their fares. Any papers that show that he broke up his former home and tried to establish a new one will do. Even a letter

from a rental agency in the location of his new assignment showing that he tried to find housing for his family would be acceptable.

ONE of the most tricky facts for a serviceman to prove is that he intended to live in a newly purchased house trailer that he later sold. Without such proof the GAO will claim that he bought the trailer for somebody else or to haul at government expense to a part of the country where it would bring a higher price. Proof that he intended to have his family live in it might consist of papers showing the sale or storage of furniture, bills for special equipment for trailer life or a letter from a trailer park in answer to his inquiry about trailer space.

Never consider any business with the government closed and throw away the records. The Comptroller General, head of the GAO, often makes a new ruling on a law and orders all the cases based on that law to be re-opened. If the government has paid you a sum of money or collected it from you, the action may have to be reversed. Even if the Comptroller General doesn't make a new ruling on the law, Congress may pass a new law and make it retroactive to the time when you worked. A law can be made retroactive only if it benefits the employee rather than the government; but, as usual, you will have to submit papers to claim your benefit. We had scores of cases at the Air Force Accounting and Finance Center all based on one error made by a finance officer. He had paid all the men stationed in a

certain area the amount of per diem authorized only for those working within the corporate limits of its largest city. The GAO demanded that all the airmen unable to prove that they worked within the city limits be forced to refund the difference. Some of the men who had been asked to pay large sums of money appealed to Congress. A special law was passed relieving them of the debt. We had to turn around and process all those cases over again and pay back the money we had collected. So it's never safe to dispose of government documents thinking an affair is closed. For debt there is no statute of limitations as there is for crime.

In lieu of written records, the government will sometimes accept sworn statements by persons who, it can be assumed, were in a position to know the facts. You can submit a statement by your ex-landlord or by a neighbor, signed and sworn to in the presence of a notary public, saying that you lived in a certain house at a certain time, that you had no cooking facilities or that a child or parent lived with you. For this reason it would be wise to keep the names and addresses of the few persons who are nearest to you in each location. Also keep the full names, ranks and serial numbers of your immediate superiors and some of the men with whom you work at each duty station. The GAO will accept photostat copies of irreplaceable papers that you may be afraid of losing in the mails but they refuse copies made by any other process.

You may be asked to prove facts

that seem too insignificant to consider such as that you had a flat tire on a trip and were entitled to "delay en route." One man lost a sizable sum of money because the country doctor to whom he took his wife who became ill during a trip failed to keep any records. Try to obtain written receipts even for small transactions that could in any way affect your privileges in the service. Unimportant matters can incur large debts or benefits when the error found by the GAO extends over a long tour of duty or a long trip. One man owed the government nearly five hundred dollars because of an error in his per diem for five years.

How can a serviceman save and carry around so many papers? You may not have to keep as many as you think. Save only the first and last rent receipt for each period of residence. Let one small paper prove several facts about your life. Your mother's hospital bill would be sufficient to prove that you established a bona fide home, that your mother lived with you and that you had a family hardship. But it would be best to have a few papers to spare, since the GAO sometimes initiates several cases concerning the same man at the same time, handled by different divisions of the finance center

The most perfect storage is, of course, a safety deposit box in some bank. But if one doesn't want to go to so much expense, there are small steel file boxes with alphabet indexes on sale in drug stores. Larger ones, up to twelve by fifteen inches, can be bought at stationery or office supply stores. ■■

7 Ways to Woo a Woman

By Virginia Stockfish

WOMEN may not be much," said Will Rogers, "but they're the best opposite sex we have."

Unfortunately, men, they know it. Your job: Make 'em feel special. All it takes is showmanship, and there are seven winning ways.

1. *Say the right thing.* Telling her she's beautiful isn't always the right approach. An eighteenth-century connoisseur, Lord Chesterfield, in a letter to his son, pointed out that the "starry eyes, pearly teeth" gambit won't work on girls who are pretty or homely in the extreme. The real beauty knows how she looks, said Chesterfield, and the homely one will know that you're lying. Both should be complimented on their intellect.

2. *Know whom to woo.* William G. Mennen, Jr., of a large toiletry firm and an amateur psychologist, pointed out, at a stag luncheon, another classic concept: "Pretty single girls know you're interested, homely single ones imagine that you are, and wives—pretty or not—are never completely sure. So don't worry about paying attention until after you're married; then, 'steal' admiring glances at her when she *knows* you're looking."

3. *Advertise your aching heart.* Get crowds of people to tell the gal how deeply you adore her. Have her hear about your love at meals, at work, on the bus. How? Easy! Just tell one woman who is known for blabbing!

4. *Use dollars and sense.* The dollars are yours—use them, at unexpected times, to buy her one-dollar gifts for no reason at all. The sense is hers—her sense of song—use it by dubbing a tune "*our* song." Music not only soothes the savage beast, but wisely used may get you a home-cooked feast.

5. *Put words in her mouth.* To you, it's expensive cake and coffee. To her, it's a visit to a smart restaurant she can brag about to all her girl friends. If you ask her to hold the restaurant pack of matches for you—then forget to ask her for them—she'll have heavenly *proof* of her "meal" (she wasn't hungry for anything else) at the posh eatery.

6. *Be scent-sational.* Anoint thy head: not just the top, but the front part, too. Napoleon, in wooing Josephine, doused his head in cologne. But he lacked modern skin



bracer and still another advantage: the "psychological scenting" said to be given to many products for men.

7. *Woo with a "wow."* Be excited at everything about her—and surprised at nothing. This is the difficult part, as the Roman poet, Vergil (70 to 19 B.C.) wrote 2,000 years ago: *Varium et mutabile semper femina* (A fickle and changeful thing is a woman ever). Did Vergil ever marry? No. He lived in an age before man realized that though women may not be much, they are the *best* opposite sex we have! ■■

"Can I have the afternoon off to go shopping with my wife?" asked the employee.

"No," answered the employer.

"Thank you, sir."

—Atlas News

TEN TIPS FOR GETTING ALONG

Getting along with folks is mighty important. Here are ten suggestions that can be put to work:

1. Keep skid chains on your tongue. Always say less than you think. Cultivate a low, persuasive voice.

2. Make promises sparingly and keep them faithfully.

3. Never let an opportunity pass to say a kind and encouraging word to or about somebody. Praise good work done, regardless of who did it. If criticism is needed, criticize helpfully, never spitefully.

4. Be interested in others, in their pursuits, their welfare, their homes and families. Laugh with those that rejoice; with those who weep, mourn.

5. Be careful. Keep the corners of your mouth turned up. Hide your pains, worries, and disappointments under a smile.

6. Preserve an open mind on all debatable questions. Deliberate but do not argue.

7. Let your virtues speak for themselves, and refuse to talk of another's vices.

8. Be careful of another's feelings. Wit and humor at the other fellow's expense are rarely worth the effort, and may hurt where least expected.

9. Pay no attention to ill-natured remarks about you. Simply live so that nobody will believe them.

10. Don't be too anxious about your awards. Do your work, be patient and keep your disposition sweet, forget self, and you will be rewarded.

Doubting Thomas---One of Us

By George Laird Hunt

I REMEMBER once sitting in an adult class where the teacher blasted off at the apostle Thomas for his doubt about the resurrection. "If I'd been Jesus," said this teacher, "I would have beat Thomas on the head until I had knocked some sense into him." And he would have too! I knew his timid, cowed children; he was that kind of father.

Obviously he was a man with great doubts himself, taking refuge in a fanatic's attitude toward doubt. But *if he could have accepted doubt as a part of faith*, he would have been liberated and could have been truly human again; he could have joined the human race, with all its doubts and uncertainties about this crazy rat race. As it is, hiding behind the mask of a faith which does not really exist in anyone, he was less than a man.

There are different kinds of doubt, of course. There is the doubt which leads (actually requires) the scientist to question his conclusions and hunches constantly in order to discover a new truth. This was not the kind of doubt that Thomas had. There is the doubt of the skeptic. He says he knows of no such thing as "Truth" with a capital "T." He only knows what he believes. This

was not the kind of doubt that Thomas had.

If you will pardon the expression, Thomas had what is currently called "existential doubt." It is hard to beat this as a phrase to describe his condition—and ours, much of the time. He really doubted whether his own life—that is, his own existence—had much value or meaning now that his Master was dead. He had placed all his bets on Jesus, and it looked like the devil had raked in the chips.

When some fools said that Jesus was alive, Thomas shot back the same kind of absurd demand that we would have made. "Alive? Let me see his hands and feet with the nail holes in them, let me see the place where the soldier cut him up with his sword. If I can see that, I'll believe!" This was the terrible cry of a man who had lost his Lord because of the cruelty of the religious leaders and the big guys in politics—and also the cry of one who himself "forsook him and fled."

Thomas lived in this hell of despair and remorse for eight days. It was no fun to be around others who had said they had seen Jesus alive again, who had something new about them because their Lord was

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alive. Thomas could not share their joy and new-found peace. Probably he avoided his former friends. What's worse than being with people who have something you don't have and can't get?

But on the eighth day Thomas was with them, and Jesus made a special appearance to the doubter. Faith was restored. Thomas believed. The game made sense again.

Yet notice what Jesus said to him. "Have you believed because you have seen me? Blessed are those who have not seen and yet believe." Was he criticizing the doubter because it took this special appearance to convince him? Perhaps. But it is also possible that he was saying: "The people who do not have to go through what you have gone through are fortunate, are happy. They believe without seeing proof. They have it easier. Blessed—happy—are they." Nevertheless, Jesus comes both to those who do not need "proof" and to those who do. We're all different, and our Lord gives the gift of faith to each of us in the way best suited to our individual temperaments and needs.

The Things We Doubt

I think, however, that there is more "existential doubt" around than we realize, and that there are fewer of us who can believe without seeing. Enough things have happened in the world to make us ask a lot of questions that our grandparents didn't ask maybe. (The "good old days" weren't all they're cracked up to be!)

The philosopher Paul Tillich breaks down our doubts into three groups: he says we are anxious about death, meaninglessness, and condemnation. All of us feel threatened by fate, emptiness, and guilt. It is not abnormal to be threatened in this way. Instead, it is an act of courage to acknowledge that we have such anxieties, such doubts, and to incorporate them into our daily living, into our faith. He does not see the kind of distinction between doubt and faith that we ordinarily make. He believes that doubt is an inevitable part of life, and therefore a part of faith. When we have the strength of an Ultimate Concern—which is his definition of faith—we can live with both doubt and faith.

Let us look at these three forms of anxiety briefly. First, the anxiety about death, which takes the form of feeling threatened by fate. This is real for all of us. Now to grasp what it means to exist, one needs to grasp the fact that he might not exist. If we think we are going to lose something it immediately becomes more valuable to us, like the small child who wants a toy as soon as his brother starts to play with it. So it is not cowardly to fear death or to feel that the fates are against us. What we need is a faith that can acknowledge and include within it such anxieties.

The second form of anxiety is meaninglessness. Tillich thinks this is the dominant problem of our time. He calls it, in a *Saturday Evening Post* article, the loss of the dimension of depth in life. We live life entirely on the level of eating and sleeping.

of pleasure and getting the job done. We do not commit ourselves to an ultimate concern. This was Thomas' problem, wasn't it? He had found meaning in a person, and then that person had died; his commitment had been betrayed, so he probably thought, "I'll never be a sucker again."

This is a natural reaction to some intense disappointment; but you don't have much of a life if you live on the horizontal level all the time. What you need is a faith that allows us to have our times of despondencies and then assures us that even at such times we were not deserted by the One who is ever with us.

The third form of anxiety is the kind that comes from guilt. Because we are anxious about our moral failures, we condemn ourselves. We can get all worked up about this, even to the point where we feel guilty about guilt itself. If we are Christians, we may think Christians are not supposed to do anything wrong; but we know we do. So we think we are not good Christians if we have things to feel guilty about.

Here again faith that encompasses doubt within itself helps. For it allows us to be honest about our guilt feelings, to accept them as part of being human—BUT to know that God's gift of faith carries with it forgiveness for our sins. The one who is the "ultimate concern" of the Christian is the One who bore our griefs and carried our sorrows. It is wrong, then, for a Christian to be burdened by a sense of guilt; but it is very right for him to be con-

cerned about the injustice there is in the world and to feel a sense of responsibility about it.

The Risen Lord

Once he had seen the Lord who was wounded for his transgressions risen from the dead, Thomas believed. Once we receive Christ as our Redeemer, we can have the kind of faith that will enable us to live courageously in spite of the uncertainties and doubts which test faith. Since we can't "lick 'em"—doubt being part of what it means to be human—we "join 'em" and rejoice that we have a faith—and a Lord—great enough to make doubt part of a creative faith. ■■

Good things happen when you give



Red Cross gives
all year long!

Comeback

By Kermit Shelby

Bert Larkin, ex-middleweight champ, was afraid and his fear kept him down. But one day he was forced to face his fear

AGAIN they had moved. Packing boxes littered the shabby room. Suitcase contents spilled over chairs. Peg's face, as she unpacked them, looked like a shopworn miniature of the Sphinx. And he, Bert Larkin, was the cause of that.

Seven years ago when he had courted her, Peg was the prettiest showgirl on Broadway. That was the year fight fans were predicting Bert Larkin would be the next middleweight champ. Life was roses. "Larkin—Peggy Larkin!" Peg said, dreamy-eyed, when he asked her to marry him. "Okay, Bert. We'll make it a lark."

A lark. Sure. But life has a way of shoving you about. Peg's show-girl job was now the chewing-gum counter at Woolworth's. What had become of Bert Larkin, the fighter? After Mickey the Mauler finished with him, after surgeons removed three broken rib ends, leaving the vulnerable little lake in Bert Larkin's side . . . part of him was gone. Cut out and thrown away. The fighting part.

That little sunken spot had become the Achilles' Heel of Bert

Larkin. Bert's fingers had a way of wandering unconsciously over the little sunken place beneath his shirt. Next thing you knew, those same fingers would be reaching for another drink. Life became squirrel-in-the-cage.

Moving, moving, moving. First they would find rooms, then the landlord would find out about Bert's drinking, then they would have to move again. But this last move was the super duper. A too-short bed and leaky faucets. Moth-eaten carpets and an iron-rusted sink. Last night after Peg scrubbed the place with soapsuds and disinfectants, after they lay down together on the lumpy mattress, Bert heard her sobs. Heart-broken, helpless. They cut a groove through his heart.

This was the end, Peg's crying jag was saying. Peg wasn't crying just for them. She was sobbing for all the poor lost souls who had fleetingly slept here. They had left it behind them, their grief and their lostness. Now their accumulated sorrow was permeating Peg's bones. She sobbed.

Lying rigidly on the too-short bed,

watching the red stain on the wall from the neon sign flashing off and on outside, Bert thought, this is it, kid. End of the lark. Well, he'd been asking for it, hadn't he? All these years. . . .

But now it was another day. Fingers of daylight reached through the murky window, pointing toward cracks in the plaster ceiling. Peg's eyes, as she stood indecisively holding the old mirror, held drowned grief struggling for a new footing—like a good soldier trying to hide his scars.

"If you hang it in the corner, it's so dark." Peg's tone held false cheeriness—the cheeriness of one who knows he is kidding himself, but who has learned that kidding oneself is better than bleakness. "But if you hang it over the bed where the light hits it, there's no room left to pass."

Struggling with suspenders—he had a hang-over—feeling like a swimmer for his shoes, Bert Larkin looked at his wife. He saw knuckles red from scrubbing, fading blonde hair that could still be pretty—if it had a good rinse and a wave. Peg's skin was beginning to wrinkle a little, because you can't skimp on cold cream forever without it showing.

"So why bother about it—who cares where it hangs?" He hadn't meant to sound so harsh. But he was thinking of how pretty Peg used to be. He was thinking of Bert Larkin, the man who was. What had become of those two?

"What do you think, Bert—about here?" Indicating the place for the nail with one finger, she smiled at



him. A waiting, puzzled, questioning look.

Bert had grown to hate that look. Not Peg, but the look. It was so helpless. Yet Peg tried to disguise the helplessness with a shaky cheeriness. Anybody could see she was kidding herself. Peg's kidding herself left him irritated, guilty. Why did Peg put up with a bum like him? Why didn't she tell him to get out? A grim thought hit him. Peg was staying on for the lark. That was it. The lark.

Rummaging about, making unintelligible protesting sounds, Bert found hammer and nails—on the floor, inside Peg's portable wooden laundry tub. Stooping over for them brought on one of his dizzy spells. Instinctively, Bert's right flew toward the vulnerable spot—toward the sunken lake in his left side. Hammer and nails slipped weakly from his grasp.

Bert didn't know his lips were quivering. But Peg knew it. In swift panic—the panic of long conditioning—Peg tugged at the window, trying to keep the alarm in her voice muted. "Want some air, Bert? Want me to open the window?"

Then both of them remembered. The window was stuck.

He couldn't help it. He sounded defeated, sardonic, cross. "And let in the garbage smells? I hate this place, Peg, I hate it!" In impulsive rage he grabbed the hammer as if to fling it through the window.

"Bert!" Peg's icy caution, low-pitched, snapped his reeling senses back. "Windows cost money."

He sank back on the bed, unable

to control the violent quaking that seized him. Peg stood, indecisive, with that trapped look of helplessness. Just then the coffeepot boiled over. She ran toward the cubbyhole that served as kitchenette.

Peg's back, as she cleaned up the mess, pretended elaborately to ignore him. But he knew her thoughts. Fear. Panic. *What next*, Peg was thinking? Like an animal in a trap.

THERE would come a day, Bert knew, when Peg would no longer be able to kid herself. The bleak thought of what Peg might do when that moment came . . . Peg, all pride gone, with no shaky cheeriness to cling to. . . .

Bert could feel cold sweat on his forehead. His finger tips, unconsciously resting above that little sunken place in his side, could feel the pumping of his own heart there. Unprotected, he might as well have worn it on his sleeve, so vulnerable was that heart to punches and blows. Figuratively, that's exactly what he had been doing, too, ever since the day they removed the rib ends. Wearing his heart on his sleeve.

Finally the shaking passed. Bert rose and picked up the hammer and nails. To his surprise, the blows that drove the nail were moderately steady. *Hit the nail on the head*, he kept thinking. *Hit, hit, hit.* . . . And suddenly he was remembering how it used to be when he was Bert Larkin, white hope of the prize fighting ring. . . . Glare of spotlights. Yells, cheers. "Punch him, Bert. Knock his teeth in." Two dogs fighting over a

bone—the bone of public approval. Wild cheering. God, how he had loved it! And how he had sulked when his bone was taken away.

Because he couldn't be champion he had refused to be anything at all. Denied his bone, he had run away to hide, to lick his wounds. Ashamed. Trapped by his own defeat. He thought now his remaining ribs were just like the bars of a squirrel cage. His vulnerable heart was the captured squirrel. *Bert Larkin*, he thought with self-loathing, *you squirrel, you!*

With a sense of futility he lifted the mirror. At this crucial moment the sun broke through the murky sky outside the window. Sunlight fell, a blinding prism, upon the mirror. Holding it, Bert Larkin saw mercilessly his own reflection. He stared a long time at the stranger in the mirror—the stranger who was the man he had become. He stared, appalled and shocked by what he saw.

He saw a man who needed a shave, with a weak mouth. Deep neurotic lines etched self-pitying eyes. Eyes with a trapped look. Only the hard jaw—the jaw they used to call his fighting jaw—saved the face from being completely weak. The ghost of a purpose, long lost, lurked in the gaze. A whipped man with his tail between his legs.

As he gazed, Bert Larkin saw with sudden clarity who the squirrel was. It wasn't Bert Larkin at all! It was Peg. This thing he saw when he looked at Peg—this thing he hated—was merely the reflection of his own weakness, mirrored as futility in



Peg's eyes. This was the thing that had turned Peg's life into a squirrel cage, that kept her prisoner behind the chewing-gum counter at Woolworth's, that robbed her of prettiness, that put wrinkles in her skin. Being chained to a man who was too weak to believe in himself.

This was the monster—the excuse for a man—who had trapped his wife.

He hung the mirror on the wall and stepped back for the longer view. The monster receded. He saw in that moment that the whole merry chase—the squirrel in the cage—was because of one man's mistaken

conception of victory. Bert Larkin, the fighter, had believed victory to be spotlights, faces, people cheering. Denied them, he had slunk away to hide. This new Bert Larkin saw victory as something else entirely. Victory was a man in the dark, groping. Groping for the right way. Victory was a man defeated and puzzled, but one with enough guts to take the next step up instead of the next step down. Victory was facing the self you really were. Facing it. Not running.

He saw drink as merely another form of running. And he knew he would never want to run and hide again.

Bert took the next step up when he turned from the mirror and said quietly, "Peg, come take a look at your mirror."

Peg dropped the dishcloth, turning. Was it the new quality in his

tone? He saw questions forming in her eyes. *Face it, Bert. What desire is stronger than your desire for drink?* Without waiting he knew the answer. The desire to make up to Peg for all the hell she had been through. Because it was Peg's belief—her belief in the lark—that had pulled them through.

He watched wonderment driving out the trapped look as Peg said, half-fearful, "Bert—you—?" She looked anxiously into his face. With a happy little cry she ran toward him, buried her face on his shoulder. "You're *back*—just like you used to be!"

Bert heard his voice. Its forcefulness surprised him. "A guy doesn't have to have a prize ring to stage a comeback. I just found that out." His arm went round her. "You know something, Peg? You and I have got a date—with a lark." ■ ■

ALWAYS ROOM FOR ONE MORE

The Sherman tank will only carry a five-man crew, in Korea, or anywhere else.

SFC Edward Zielski knew this, but claims there was always room for one more. Under fire in 1950, he climbed out of his tank to repair a tread. When he tried to get back in, company had arrived.

"You can't get back in here!" his mechanic shouted. "We picked up some wounded, and eleven of us are jammed in here now."

Communist rifle fire helped Zielski make a snap decision. "Tell everybody to take off their helmets!"

The "pots" flew out of the tank Zielski draped himself around the mechanic's neck, buttoned down the cover, and the tank rumbled off.

—Connie Sellers

A Place to Pray in the Nation's Capitol

By Willadene Price

The picture on the inside front cover shows the chapel where our congressmen and senators can find comfort and strength

TUCKED away in a quiet corner of the nation's Capitol in Washington, D. C., is a lovely room that perhaps plays a more influential part in guiding the fate of this nation than do the great chambers of the Senate and the House of Representatives. This room is not pretentious. It was planned and completed without fanfare. It's not on the guided tour of the Capitol. And yet it is frequented daily by the great statesmen of our country. It is known quite simply as the Prayer Room.

In size, less than eighteen feet square, the Prayer Room is not for religious assemblies. Washington today is quite different from what it was in the days of Thomas Jefferson. Then there were so few churches in the Capitol City, Sunday religious assemblies were sometimes held in the Hall of Representatives. The

Prayer Room is a place where individual senators and representatives may withdraw to seek divine strength and guidance.

Senator Mike Monroney of Oklahoma walked one blustery January morning in 1952 toward the Capitol with his friend Representative Brooks Hays of Arkansas. "Don't you think," he said, "it would be a good thing for us to have a place in the Capitol where we might meditate and pray—a place where the mood of prayer could be encouraged."

And that very day, these two friends began to lay concrete plans for just such a "place." A year later on February 12, Representative Hays introduced a resolution in the House directing the setting apart of a place in the Capitol for a Prayer Room. The next day, Senator Monroney introduced a companion resolution in the Senate. The resolution was passed by the House in July of 1953, but it was not until May of 1954 that the resolution was passed by the Senate.

At last the dream of these two friends for a Prayer Room was about to become a reality. But it was first essential to make sure that no part of furnishings and no symbol used would give offense to members of any church, but at the same time incorporate in the fabric and decoration of the room the basic unity of belief in God and his providence that has characterized our history. To achieve these purposes, an advisory panel was constituted representing the various faiths that form, together, the spirit of this nation.

The chaplains of the Senate and

the House, Rev. Frederick Brown Harris and Rev. Bernard Braskamp, were joined on the advisory panel by Father Edward J. Herrmann, Asst. Chancellor of the Archdiocese of Washington, and Rabbi Norman Gerstenfeld, Minister of the Washington Hebrew Congregation. The furnishings, the window, and the symbols in the Room met with the unanimous approval of these men of different faiths.

In March 1955 the Prayer Room was completed. Decorated in restful tones of blue, a reverent simplicity pervades the room. On the altar of white oak rests an open Bible. Individual members of Congress may use this Bible as they turn to the great passages which mean the most to them.

TWO vases constantly filled with fresh flowers tell of the beauty of God's world. On either side of the altar is a candelabrum, each with the traditional seven lights. In front of each candelabrum is a plain prayer bench so those who desire may kneel to pray. An American flag is at the right of the altar.

There are ten simple armchairs: they too are in blue to harmonize with the restful heavenly blue of the walls and the deeper blue of the rug.

The chairs face the single window that speaks of that religious faith which has always been a part of the greatness of our nation. The window was donated by the workers of the Judson Studios of Los Angeles. An oriental artist, a soccer playing Scottish artisan and former citizens of a

dozen European nations contributed their skills to this inspirational work.

The central figure in the window is of the kneeling Washington. In the medallion, immediately surrounding our first President, is woven into the ruby glass the text from Psalm 16: 1 (KJV), "Preserve me, O God: for in Thee do I put my trust." Above and below are the two sides of the Great Seal of the United States. Above is the pyramid and eye with Latin phrases meaning, "God has favored our undertakings," and "A new order of the ages is born." Under the upper seal is the phrase from Lincoln's immortal Gettysburg Address, "This Nation Under God." The names of the thirteen original States are on scrolls in the central portion, each with its star nearby. The names of the other States in chronological order are on the laurel leaf border. The two lower corners of the window each show the Holy Scriptures, an open book and a candle, signifying the light from God's law, "Thy Word is a lamp unto my feet and a light unto my path." Leaves with sacred associations are woven into the design.

Prayer was offered at the great Convention which framed our Constitution. By prayer Congress opens all its sessions. Our coinage, our Pledge of Allegiance, many of our postage stamps witness our faith in God. It is in this tradition that the Congress has provided for its members in the nation's Capitol a Prayer Room which, as Representative Hays said, "symbolizes our devotion to freedom of worship and the ideal of tolerance."



The Surest Thing in Life

By Frederick W. Helfer

WE cannot foresee the future. On occasion we wish we could; but the Lord has dropped a spiritual curtain between our day and the coming years. Beyond this curtain of the present we cannot look with reason's eye through scientific instruments. There may be intimations to us of immortality—but whatever we see is in trust through the eye of faith. The spirit in man has always risen heroically in tragedy and death—and at the time of greatest heartache pens a noble faith, for then it is that "Hope sees a star and listening love hears the flutter of a wing." Whatever may be ahead of us tomorrow or whatever mystery may be the other side of the valley of death—the Christian Faith brings to man courage and confidence, for with Christ no man walks alone—for it is even as he said, "Lo, I am with you always, to the close of the age."

Who Am I?

There are only a few items that concern us with regard to the *future*: ourselves, our families and friends, our world (its structure physical and social), and our eternal destiny.

Let's look first at ourselves. This

is always an interesting place to start, for we never get away from ourselves. And as one in the comics used to say, "Let's talk about me."

I don't want to talk too much about ourselves, except to say there are many views of man. There is the animal view of man, the cipher view of man, the egotistical and cynical view of man, the state and slave view of man, the superior cult view of man, the low view, the exploitation view of man—and there is the Christian view. Let us look at ourselves this day in the light of Him who will go with us all the way—I guess that is what makes the Christian view so meaningful—for it is Christ's view, and a look which covers the entire life span of man and sets him in the light of eternity. I know of no better view—for the Man who gave it is known of all men as the Son of God; and his view is not one born of ease and a pleasant time on a bit of nerve fibre; but is one issuing out of ideals, and reverence, and human experience, and struggle and suffering and death.

And of ourselves there is only one great thought of Christ for the human family. We are the children of God. So there is wrapped up in the

Dr. Helfer is pastor of the Christian Temple of Baltimore.

Christian hope, the Christian view of man—man God's child; man a living soul; man a comrade of Christ; man whom Jesus called friend; man the object of God's concern and love; man walking the earth, reaching for the stars; man God's child for time and eternity. God has made us and we can go down into the future unafraid and confident; for under God we are sufficient for life or for death!

Our Friends and Their Future

Then there are our families and friends. While we may want to talk about ourselves, we know that nothing touches us nearly so much as the future of our families and friends. Nothing touches us so acutely as our families: our parents and our children. Their health, their wealth, their happiness. These become our concerns. There is Gray who wrote his elegy in a country churchyard, burying his mother and writing on her tomb that the only grief she ever caused him was his pain brought on by her passing into death. There are the prayers of the Hebrew people and their salutation for health, wealth, and happiness for members of the family in every new year. There are our own devotions, if not audible, still silent in our hearts for our children that they may grow up in God to some fullness of stature in Jesus Christ. There is our wonder about their estate of body, mind and soul as they travel into tomorrow's world. Oh, our children, as we tip-toe toward a crib and hold our little ones before the throne of God!

What of the future of our loved

ones? They, also, must live in time and face eternity. We cannot pierce that curtain of their coming years. We cannot know their future. But for them is also the assurance, "Lo, I am with you always, to the close of the age." But you ask, "How do I know my children will walk with him?" Of course, that is a vital question. And yet the emphasis of this scripture is not on our walking with him, but in his walking with us. "Lo, I am with you." I think that is something we have to come to learn in our religion; it is not altogether our goodness, or our greatness, or our actions, but the will and purpose, the mercy and love of God for all of us and our generations—these become our strength in any direful day. So for the future of family and friend, we may commend them to God almighty in the grace of Christ.

Poor, Old World

And for our world—what does the future hold? Poor old battered, beaten and oftentimes brutal world! Is its end at hand? On occasions we read of man's depravity and the low estate to which he has fallen, and we note all the evil forebodings that would befall him in the morning because of his base lewd ways. As we read along we note one terrible immorality and terrible prophecy after another. So we begin to wag our heads and say, "Yes, that's our world all right." Then suddenly we are surprised, brought up with a jolt, for the item we were reading was written in the year 1760, or in the twelfth century, or back in the days

of the Pharaohs. This is a tough old world—and its days are not yet numbered. It probably will outlast us and our children and their children, even continue for a thousand generations and more to come.

I guess our concern about life after all centers in the question as to whether a moral order underlies our universe—as does a physical law! We want to know whether or not a blessing awaits the children of men tomorrow! Can we expect anything to happen to the world because you and I pray, “Thy kingdom come, thy will be done . . .”? Can we expect any benediction of God upon us? Will God really establish the work of our hands upon us—yea the work of our hands, O Lord, establish thou it? Will any good thing befall us? Will some good day dawn for ourselves, for our children and their friends? Will the structures of government take a turn for the better in Russia? In the good old U. S. A.? What about the hopes of humanity for a century of peace? How about the practices and customs of the citizens? What about a million things having to do with the prosperity and the betterment of human culture and the righteousness and justice of man to man and nation to nation?

Yes, God’s mighty purposes are sure—and Christ walks down the pathways of our hearts, over the avenues of our frontiers and across the highways of our nations and he says, “Go therefore and make disciples of all nations . . . baptizing them . . . teaching them . . . and lo, I am with you always, to the close of the age.”

Life, Death, Destiny

And what of man’s destiny after death? This is the mystery of our world. Why do little children die? Why do good people seemingly pass on before their time? Why do the aged suffer? Why do those who desire death linger on—while they who want to live, fade out and die? There are happenings in our world of life and death which are beyond us and we must bow before the judgment of a greater power than our own and a wisdom wider and deeper than the mind of man.

So much of life hides in the marvel and mystery of God. The origins of the world itself—how, when, why an earth like ours, a universe and millions of them? The mystery of its habitation. The march of the generations—out of the womb into the grave—out of darkness into light. How did life begin? How was conscience born? How did man come to love beauty? Seek justice? Have a feeling after God if by faith he may find him? The mystery of the origin of things is only matched by the mystery of the end of things. How does life terminate? It is appointed unto man—all men to die. Does darkness cover the earth’s future and man’s destiny?

The Horizon of Eternity

Jesus stood on tiptoe looking above the earthly edge of man’s mortality, looking into the horizon of eternity and his vision there has given man a mission and a hope wrapped up in Christian Faith. And this hope is for the whole Christian world. No man walks down into death alone;

the Son of Man is with him even unto the end—and into eternity! There is no mechanical proof of this—as two and two are four—but faith has its own strength and assurance for man. No man can prove his vocation is of God, but he can live as though God has called him to his task and he can work as though he is doing the work of him who sent him—that is faith!

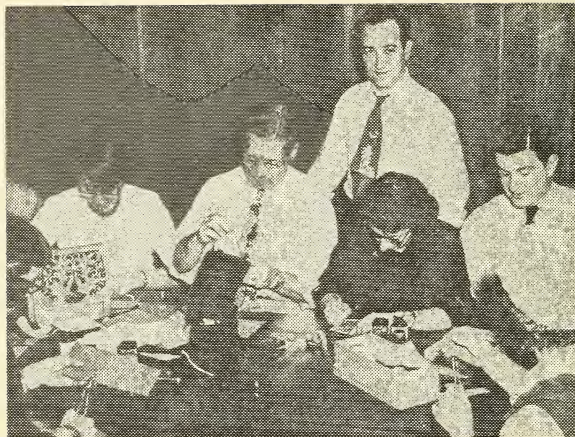
No man can prove there is anything beyond the grave. But faith can light a candle. Faith can point a finger to a star. Faith can in love hear the flutter of a wing. Faith can believe in and trust the Lord of Life knowing that in him is our immortality—and he will go with us down the years of time into the opening door of eternal destiny.

I don't know what *death* is like. In fact none of us know what *life* is all about. But as we walk the

corridor of time and eternity with the Master we come to believe that God is good, that life has its blessings, and death has no fear. For the world of time is opened for us by the finger of God and his hand opens also the door of death into the larger room of eternity—and for birth and life and death God stands there—and for eternity he is still wisdom and love. "There are four great words in the destiny of man—life, death, God and love." And for you and me and for most men these words are best understood as we stay close to Him who has said, "I am with you always, to the close of the age." Truly, truly, "no evil can befall a good man whether in life, or in death." The love of God stands by our cradles. And the grace of God guards our graves. He has set eternity in our hearts! Our lives are linked with the eternal God. ■■



"DON'T ARGUE WITH ME, ELLEN. I WANT WEINERS AND BEANS FOR DINNER AND THAT'S FINAL."



Fred Fischler (standing) conducts leathercraft class.

Twentieth - Century Samaritan

By Letty M. Shaw

I DON'T want to make money," declares Pittsburgh's Fred Fischler. "I just want to help people get more out of life."

This U. S. Bureau of Mines physical science aide adopted this attitude toward humanity in 1944 when he was a Petty Officer in the United States Navy. While desiring to help Navy base hospitalized servicemen, he remembered Fuller's "If thou desirest ease, in the first place take care of the ease of thy mind; for that will make all other sufferings easy," and decided leathercraft, one of his childhood pursuits, would be an excellent way to lift the servicemen out of despair. From 1944-1947,

he worked with American Indians and Mexicans, became an outstanding authority on skins and pelts, and shared his knowledge with the bed-ridden servicemen.

When the Navy discharged Fred, he decided the crippled children needed help in learning how "to get more out of life." Immediately, he went to the Industrial Home for Crippled Children and asked Assistant Director Mary E. Morrison to institute a leathercraft hobby class.

"We would love to have the hobby taught," she replied, "but the Home cannot afford it."

Prepared for such a reply, Fred reached into his leather case, lifted

a piece of unborn calf, a modeler, a punch, a swivel, and a knife.

"I don't want pay," he said. "I offer my services free of charge."

Later, on a "Strike It Rich" program, Fred won \$400 and set up a leathercraft fund at the Home.

Corresponding Secretary Mrs. James Frazer Hillman declares Fred's course is "interesting and stimulating." She says "the old adage—the proof of the pie is in the eating—was never truer—for the beautifully finished products bear testimony." The children are happier.

After Fred established the Leathercraft Hobby Class at the Industrial Home for Crippled Children, he donated handmade gifts to the United Cerebral Palsy Association of the Pittsburgh District.

In Cresson, Pennsylvania, State Tuberculosis Hospital patient Louise Hurst found life dull. Fred interested her in a leathercraft correspondence course and brightened her life.

Miss Marian Marsh, a multiple sclerosis shut-in, learned easing the mind can result in the use of the limbs. When Fred first tried to interest her in employing her mind with leathercraft, she could not use her left hand. Her right hand was weak. After Fred persuaded her that her mind could work wonders with her body, both her hands strengthened.

At the Downtown Pittsburgh and the Wilksburg YMCA's, Fred teaches two eight-week classes during the Fall, Winter, and Spring. So elated with him are his pupils that one of them, Mrs. Anne Poole, told

"The Big Surprise" television programmers that this "great humanitarian" should appear on their show. She says Fred "has a warm, pleasing, affable personality, plus a type of modesty which endears him to all of his many friends and students alike." Many of Fred's students sell their work; some become teachers. With his "Y" proceeds, he buys materials and gives them to the people whom he tries to help "get more out of life."

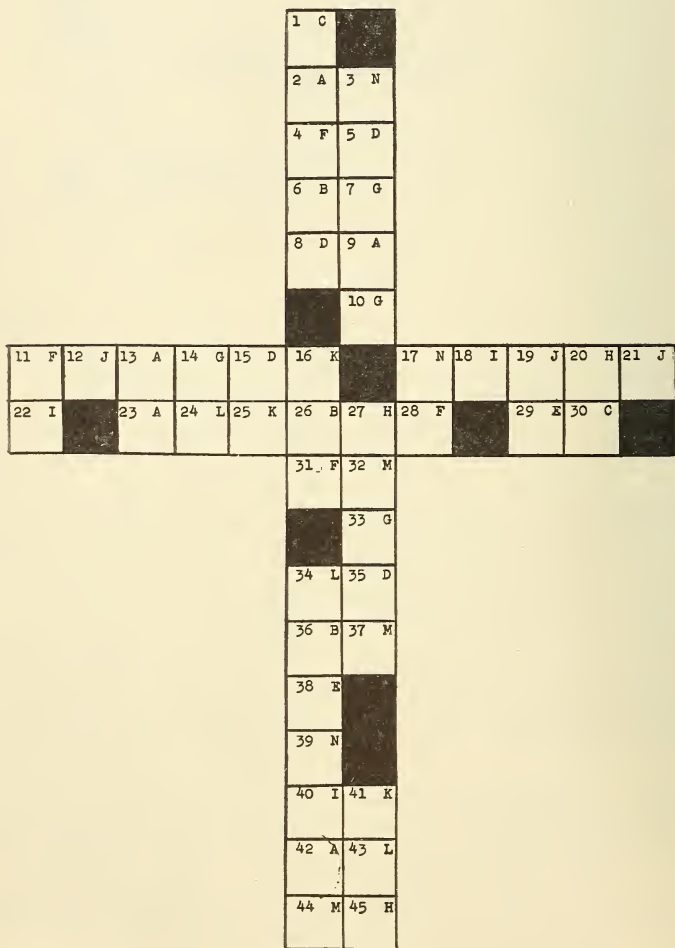
Samaritan Fischler does not limit his free of charge service. In addition to helping handicapped Pennsylvanians get more out of life by employing their minds with leathercraft, he helps healthy Pennsylvanians by lecturing to Ladies Clubs, PTA groups, and KDKA-TV audiences. Among the non-Pennsylvanians he has helped are a South Dakota housewife who wanted to learn leathercraft with the hope of earning a living with it while her husband was confined in a TB sanatorium; a Wooster, Ohio, polio victim; and Bernadine Peters of Leonardtown, Maryland, who needed expert advice about leathercraft tool manufacturers.

Pittsburgh's Buhl Planetarium exhibited Fred's leathercraft for over a month so Pittsburghers could learn more about him. When the people discovered his skill, many of them tried to persuade Fred to become a commercial leathercrafter. Each time one of them did, Fred shook his head and said, "I don't want to make money. I just want to make people happy." This is the goal of an unselfish life. ■ ■

Crostic Puzzle

By Willard S. Smith

What is prayer? Find the answer



DEFINITIONS

	L	A	U	G	H
A. Only man can do this	<u>9</u>	<u>42</u>	<u>13</u>	<u>2</u>	<u>23</u>
B. The end of the day	<u>6</u>	<u>26</u>	<u>36</u>		
C. Abbreviation of a well-known "army"	<u>30</u>	<u>1</u>			
D. To close	<u>35</u>	<u>15</u>	<u>8</u>	<u>5</u>	
E. Provided that	<u>29</u>	<u>38</u>			
F. The first ship-builder	<u>28</u>	<u>31</u>	<u>4</u>	<u>11</u>	
G. Something given	<u>14</u>	<u>33</u>	<u>7</u>	<u>10</u>	
H. Part of the verb "to be"	<u>20</u>	<u>45</u>	<u>27</u>		
I. Where peas are found	<u>40</u>	<u>18</u>	<u>22</u>		
J. To propel a boat	<u>21</u>	<u>12</u>	<u>19</u>		
K. For example, beautiful paintings	<u>25</u>	<u>41</u>	<u>16</u>		
L. Nevertheless	<u>43</u>	<u>24</u>	<u>34</u>		
M. A fairy	<u>44</u>	<u>37</u>	<u>32</u>		
N. A rodent	<u>3</u>	<u>39</u>	<u>17</u>		

DIRECTIONS FOR SOLVING CROSTIC

From the list of definitions guess the proper words. Transfer each word, letter by letter, to the numbered dashes opposite each definition. (As with the first word, LAUGH) Then transfer each letter to the square in the diagram that has the same number. Each lined square indicates the end of a word.

When all squares are filled you will have a quotation reading from left to right. When read downward the first letters of the words in the word list will form an acrostic giving the name of the author and the work from which the quotation is taken.

(See page 50 for answer)

A New Look for the Lord's Prayer

By Robert E. Fuerst

WHEN you say the Lord's Prayer during a service do you feel sometimes that you are a parrot, merely repeating words you have learned? Do the words mean anything personal to you? They can. In fact you can change your mechanical recital of the Lord's Prayer into a stimulating activity, one that will give a richness to the period of worship during which the Lord's Prayer is said.

The system or technique for doing this is one that I have been practicing for several years and I find it just as interesting and just as effective today as it was when I first tried it.

I cannot claim this technique as my invention, for I learned of it from someone else. I learned of it in a sermon given by Rev. Elmer Hoefer in Rochester, New York.

The technique itself is a two-part technique. *First, select a particular phrase or thought in the Lord's Prayer on which to concentrate and second, form pictures in your mind to illustrate the thought you have chosen.* Do this on a weekly basis. During a particular week, every time you say the Lord's Prayer, dwell on one part of it; next week choose another part, and so on.

Here is how it works. The first

thing to do is to pick a thought or phrase. A good phrase to start with is "give us this day our daily bread" for this is an easy one. Now every time during this initial week that you say the Lord's Prayer, think of the phrase, "give us this day our daily bread." Concentrate on this and at the same time do the second thing: picture scenes in your mind to illustrate the phrase. You may think of a mass of Chinese or Indians, hungry, ribs showing, desperately in need of daily bread. Or you may think of a wonderful picnic you had when the weather was ideal and the food tasted perfect; you may think how nice it would be if all meals could be this wonderful—for everybody in the world. Or you may think of a neighbor who has lost a job and your thoughts may be in the nature of concern for him. How will he manage? Will he be able to supply his family with their daily bread?

THERE is no end to what can be done using this technique; the longer you are at it, the more adept you become. If you see a TV program or read a magazine article about the population explosion and how feeding the world's people is going to become an increasing prob-

The Lord's Prayer

Our Father who art in heaven,
Hallowed be thy name.

Thy kingdom come.

*Thy will be done in earth,
as it is in heaven.*

Give us this day our daily bread.

*And forgive us our debts,
as we forgive our debtors.*

*And lead us not into temptation,
but deliver us from evil:*

*For thine is the kingdom, and the
power, and the glory, forever.
Amen.*

—Matthew 6:9-13, KJV

lem as time passes, you will store this information until the next time you are on the “give us this day our daily bread” sentence and then you will think about it. Let the facts run through your mind and visualize the situation. If you see a spider trapping a moth, a hawk seizing a chicken, a dog gnawing a bone, or guppies rising to take food, you will file the observations for later use. If you see a scene in a movie in which a Hong Kong refugee raids a garbage pail for scraps, you will remember the scene, store it for later recall. Then when you do recall these ob-

servations during prayer, you can build your thoughts around them and mean what you are saying.

Activities which you have forgotten will come back to your mind and have new significance. You may remember a wonderful spaghetti dinner you had at a restaurant with your family. You may remember a beggar to whom you once gave a solid meal. You may remember a lecture by an agronomist in which he stated that millions of people in the world go to bed hungry. All these thoughts were only idle fancies when you acquired them, but perhaps they will find new meaning.

One day you will reach the point where you begin going beyond the literal sense of the words you are saying. Thus “daily bread” in time will become “regular income” or “steady relief from pain” or “daily peace of mind.”

AFTER a week has passed (or a day or a month if you prefer) you can change to another phrase. “Thy kingdom come, thy will be done on earth as it is in heaven,” is a good thought at a time when global tension is at a peak. It is a good thought for other international events such as the meetings of the U.N. It is also a good thought for a happening close to home such as the quarreling and fighting between your son and a neighbor's son.

For the next interval you may choose “hallowed be Thy name,” thinking perhaps of the new man at work whose every other word is a swear word, or of the soap box orator you heard in a park in New

York once who so loudly maintained that God was a hoax, or of the boy in Los Angeles who painted a Star of David on a Catholic church, or the two German youths who painted swastikas on graves in a Jewish cemetery, or of the unfortunate whose wife and three children burned to death in a fire while he was out of town. "I'm through with God," he had said vehemently after it happened, "for God is unjust and cruel." These are the types you think about during the week and for whom you pray.

You may believe that as months pass you will run out of ideas, but you will not. For the "hallowed be thy name" week, there are many more than those mentioned, more than enough to last. Remember a special Easter sunrise service? Remember visiting a very old church on vacation? A modern one? A large one? Remember the service held out-of-doors at camp? Remember walking in the woods one day in autumn, thinking how much like a church it seemed?

You might go on for pages listing memories or ideas. And each one you list might be amplified or altered and used again. Suppose you visited a very old church on vacation, for example. Was it in New Mexico? Did the Navajos worship there once? How about their ceremonies which honor the Great Spirit and supposedly help their warriors to reach the Happy Hunting Ground? And how about other primitive people, those who are savage and live in remote areas and have no shrine or worship place? Again you could go on for pages, listing ideas.

Other parts of the Lord's Prayer also come alive with this technique. "Forgive us our trespasses as we forgive those who trespass against us." This should be no trouble. It is a good thought at communion time or when New Year's resolutions are in the air. Pictures will flood your mind when you think about this one.

"Lead us not into temptation" may be timely when you are debating about copying during examinations or receiving answers during a quiz show. "For thine is the kingdom and the power and the glory forever" may be one to use when you have had a bad day, when everything has gone wrong, and when a little reassurance would help.

These are obvious thoughts but others not so obvious will come readily, once you start using this system. Select one thought in the Lord's Prayer, concentrate on it every time you say the Lord's Prayer that week, letting a picture form in your mind each time you pray, a picture to illustrate the meaning of the thought you have chosen. It may result in a pleasant change, for often this famous prayer is a mechanical recital in spite of our respect for it. And this system, which is easy to use, may be just what the doctor ordered to add zest and meaning to your repetition of the Lord's Prayer.



SOLUTION TO CROSTIC

(Page 46)

A grateful thought toward heaven is of itself a prayer. . . . LESSING: A Prayer



He Makes Organs Speak

By Catharine Brandt

John Gould at the console of one of the organs he has built.

JOHN GOULD was a businessman with a curiosity to learn how organs worked and a love for organ music. His curiosity and his love got the best of him, for about a dozen years ago he retired to build organs. Since World War II he and his son Clarence, under the firm name J. R. Gould and Sons, have installed over fifty organs in the Northwest.

As far back as he can remember John Gould has been moved by the throb of organ music. While working for the state he used to drop into a nearby downtown church and watch men repair the big pipe organ. He wanted to learn what made the organ speak, what made the great

symphonic music, the sound of the violins, the flutes, the piccolos. Here was his opportunity. In his spare time he even helped with the repairs.

In 1930 he began working on organs part time, evenings, Saturdays and holidays. He gained a great deal of knowledge of what makes organs speak while he worked for the local representative of the largest pipe organ company in America.

Then came the idea of building his own organ, one of twelve ranks of pipes and two manuals. This he had in his own home for fifteen years, later selling it to a small church where it is still in use.

During World War II Gould was building an organ. Everything went

wrong. He wired the organ and it played backwards. His son Clarence was in Okinawa at the time and perhaps the organ builder's thoughts were more with his boy than the organ he was building. He started all over, rewired the organ and—it still played backwards. Afterwards he wrote of this experience to Clarence. Some time later a reply came. "Dad, if I ever get out of here I'll go into business with you. We'll build organs together." Which is just what he did.

As a young man John Gould worked in the same office with a yellow-haired girl with dimples. One day she stopped him and asked, "You have a Model T Ford?"

His eyes gleamed. He was proud of that Ford. "Yep," he said.

"Would you move my trunk to the Northwestern Bible School in Minneapolis?" she asked.

John thought he hadn't heard right. "Where?" he asked. He thought Bible schools were for ministers—men, not girls, especially pretty, little ones. But he moved the trunk the next Saturday.

"Well, write me," Helen said, "and let me know how things go at the office."

John wasn't much of a letter writer. "You drop me a card," he said, "so that I have your address." She did and that's how it came about that he went to church services with Helen. Two years later they were married. The Goulds have three sons, John Jr. in California, Clarence a partner in the organ business, and Gerald in the Navy. They have five grandchildren.

GOULD'S decision to live for Christ dates back to 1918 when on Sunday nights he and his date, Helen, now Mrs. Gould, listened to fiery Dr. W. B. Riley preach. The towering man, with a voice that reached to the last seat in the top row of the balcony, left no uncertainty in John's mind that he was faced with a question. That question, "What will you do with Jesus?" plagued him until he put himself in God's hands.

Of the organs his firm builds, Gould says, "We always try to do the best job of which we are capable. Pastors and choir directors are our best recommendation. We never advertise." As a consequence, he says, they have enough contracts to keep them busy for a year.

Once when a church moved to a new building those in charge decided the old organ would not do. "Build us a new one," they told Gould. But he checked over the old instrument and decided it could be moved. He took it apart, cleaned, repaired it and moved it to the new building, where it was in use for several years before being replaced by a larger organ.

Seated at the three-manual console of this organ, John Gould adjusted several stops and played a simple hymn, "How Great Thou Art," his theme song. He is a big man with a relaxed, kindly way of speaking.

Quieting the organ, he told of one experience that pointed up his belief he should never stint on workmanship. Awarded the contract for installing an organ, he discovered to

his dismay that a collision had damaged a truck load of pipes. Each pipe had to be reshaped to be in perfect tune. This took much more time than he had expected to spend on the job.

"I lost money on that job," Gould said. But he stuck by his bid and built his usual fine organ. From this experience he received one of his best accounts with many fine orders.

"The organ speaks for itself," he added, pulling out the diapason stop and filling the sanctuary with the great swelling music.

Back of his garage is a heated workshop, half filled with well-seasoned sugar pine, used to build the chests on which the organ pipes stand. Gould stores the ungainly bass pipes in his basement. In one corner of the workshop is his office.

John Gould testing magnets on chest for organ pipes.



Inside the cubbyhole there is just room for him to sit down at the big desk. "I have to step outside," he said grinning, "to change my mind."

But building superior organs is not the only way this man lives the Christian life. He has a superabundance of energy and willingness to serve God. So much so that he finds himself accepting more committee jobs and offices than he should. "I have to hang onto his coat tails," Mrs. Gould says. "He doesn't know when to say no."

HE IS a deacon and Sunday school superintendent at the Immanuel Independent Church in St. Paul. He works with the Gideons. He has been a Sunday school teacher and youth director for many years. Recently he completed his forty-eighth year of perfect Sunday school attendance, receiving another bar of recognition to add to his attendance pin.

Gould says he would rather be teaching a Sunday school class than serving in any other capacity.

John Gould was born sixty years ago in St. Paul. "I was reared in a Christian home," he says. "My mother taught me the finer things of life. I'll always be grateful for my parents' influence."

That mother, now eighty-three, is as keenly interested in her son as when she had the important job of training him at home.

Gould's wife likes to tease him about one musical "experiment" that wasn't quite so successful as most of his work. "I thought if I could make my own radio set how fine

that would be," he says. "Working on the set in my spare time I finally got it to work—so I thought." With the earphones clamped on his head, faintly he heard music. In his excitement he shouted, "Helen. It works. Come listen."

Helen stopped wiping the dishes and fitted the earphones on her head. Then she took them off and listened. "That's nothing but the phonograph next door going full blast," she said. They had a good laugh and Gould decided he had better stick to organ building.

Gould, who knows the many intricate parts of an organ, which when played upon by a master musician

gives forth beauty, has left the complexity of his own life to God. He credits God with any harmony or music that shows in his life. At most of the dedication services for organs John Gould builds, he is asked to say a few words. At a recent dedication service he expressed himself simply.

"It's a fine thing to be a pastor, a leader, a Sunday school teacher or officer. It's a fine thing to be an organ builder, but it's greater to be a Christian organ builder." The organ speaks for itself. John Gould is trusting God to make him serviceable so that he might be a "hymn of praise."



INVITATION TO ENTER THE LINK CONTEST

As you perhaps know, THE LINK is conducting a contest for you—men, women, young people, military personnel and dependents during 1961. You are eligible to enter any month. What we want you to do is write us in 400 words or less your sincere, honest, personal convictions on the subject, "Why I Am a Christian!" and mail it in to us.

We are already receiving some interesting statements and we will begin publication of this series as soon as possible. The first entry will probably appear in May or June, representing the letters we have received in December and January. Thereafter, we will judge the best for each month and announce the winners.

Write as if you were talking to a person who is not a Christian. See if you can convince him by your personal testimony that he ought to be a Christian, too. If you can type your manuscript so much the better; but if you cannot, that's all right, too. Send it in handwritten.

First prize each month is \$15.00; second, \$7.00; and third, \$3.00. The more entries the better. So why don't you sit down right now and write out your article and send it to us. Mail entries to

Lawrence P. Fitzgerald, Editor,
THE LINK, 122 Maryland Ave. N.E.,
Washington 2, D.C.

By Paul K. McAfee

The Appointed Time

For your devotional life. Take time for meditation and prayer.

All Is Forgiven

THE best example of forgiveness anywhere in literature is found in the poignant story of the Prodigal Son. The forgiveness which was shown by the father exemplifies the forgiveness of God. "All I have is yours," he said. All was forgiven.

There is nothing unmanly in having a forgiving heart. Forgiveness of another's wrongs helps to right those wrongs. No person is less a person by forgiving someone who has hurt him—in fact he is a better and bigger being in so doing. The strong person is the one who forgives, not the one who continues to hold a grudge.

Jesus wants us to forgive the wrongs done us without qualification, infinitely. To be his true followers and better Christians we must do so.

READ: Matthew 19:21-35

PRAYER: Teach me to forgive, O God, that I might know the full measure of thy forgiveness. *Amen.*

Thou Art Coming!

THE Book of Revelation is a magnificent lyrical hymn of hope and inspiration. It was written to raise the hearts of persecuted Christians in the late first century. It sings its wondrous majestic song to us in another age. Its message holds as much meaning for us now as it held for the Christian then, even though we are at a loss at times to understand the strange imagery painted there.

Early Christians believed good would conquer evil and their faith would bring a long, glorious reign of peace. This we also believe.

We believe Christ comes every time a man or woman rejects evil and accepts him as Master. Some day the fullness of the

Kingdom of God will come; then all men everywhere will bow down before Christ and acknowledge him as King of kings and sovereign of love and peace.

Christ will come not by our calendar but by the calendar of God's will.

READ: Revelation 3:8-13

PRAYER: I believe thou art coming, O Christ, when the world is ready to receive thee again. Create in me a clean heart and make my life one that will hasten thy coming. *Amen.*

How Do You Measure Religion?

THERE is a poem about a man who was so occupied in preparing for Christ's coming that he turned Christ from his door three times in the form of a hungry beggar, a sick woman, and a naked child. He wanted to honor his Lord but all along he put material values above the spirit.

In the world we live in this is not hard to do. Too often our religion is measured in dollars and cents. God cannot be so measured. Man's relationships to God can be measured only in faith and trust.

All people belong to God. They are his children. We are to accept each person we meet as being like ourselves, dependent upon the heavenly Father. He expects us, also, to approach him with an open, childlike faith, without doubt or fear.

When we meet people of foreign birth, we must remember that they are in the eyes of God as precious as we. We must treat them and love them as brothers in God's world.

READ: Matthew 18:1-6

PRAYER: Open our hearts, O God, and give us a simple faith. Help us to approach thee as complete Christians. In the name of Jesus who was whole and complete. *Amen.*

The Desert Road

A SMALL boy was eager to prove his strength against that of his father. The father, wise in his years, handed the boy an axe and said, "Go cut down that large tree, saw it into lengths, split it into pieces and stack them against the shed. If you do this your strength will be proven for I did one such tree yesterday." The lad handed the axe back to his father and said, "It is too hard."

There are many ways of proving one's strength. Some of those ways lead through desert roads—hot, lonely and dangerous. If your mission in life is worthy, you cannot back away from the hard road.

Many Christians falter because of the stern demands of their religion. Yet those who hold on and push forward are blessed and they shall conquer.

As Christians we walk the hard roads. But God is true to his promise and he sees us through every difficulty. Do you believe this?

Strength for a task depends upon the strength of God; but this becomes available to us only through faith.

READ: Acts 8:26-40

PRAYER: Give us the ability, O Father, to see how worthwhile it is to be good Christians. Give us also, Almighty God, the strength to continue in our convictions. Through Christ, our Lord. *Amen.*

Two Poems

By Jean Hogan Dudley

GOD'S PLENTY

Abundant, wide, God's sea of good surrounds,
And teems with treasures love prepares for you;
Only launch out with faith into its sounds,
Let down, let down your nets into its blue!
And as the strands of faith you upward pull,
You will discover blessings manifold,
A joy that fills life overflowing-full,
Almost more love than any heart can hold.

FAITH

Faith is the certainty of God's warm care,
A launching out whenever he commands,
Though rough the tides and turbulent the air,
Though long the voyage, strange the distant lands.

Faith is the steering by the father's will,
Through life's vast, restless, many-crested sea,
Knowing each storm his quiet voice can still,
Sure that his love upholds us, endlessly.

Let Us Pray

Father of All Mercies, we know not how to pray as we ought. Thou knowest us better than we know ourselves. So now we come to thee boldly to ask that thou wouldst consider our needs, our desires, our sins, our weak points—and our strong points, if we have any, and grant to us what seems fitting to thee. In spite of our self love, we ask thee to help us to give, to share, to sacrifice and not to count the cost. This we cannot do in our own strength, so be thou our stay and power. Create in us clean hearts, O Lord, and save us from wrong choices. We ask for Jesus' sake. *Amen.*

Almighty God, our hearts today are full of sadness; we are lonely for departed loved ones. Teach us how to dispel this loneliness in giving ourselves more fully to thee and to thy work. We know thou art present and thou art concerned, but this is too much of the mind and not of the heart. So deepen our faith and trust. Give us some new-found assurance of the resurrection from the dead. May we learn how more fully to rely upon thee as a mighty rock, a shelter in the time of storm. Through Jesus Christ our Lord. *Amen.*

We pray today, Heavenly Father, for travelers out on the highways. We have not learned how to control our driving and we are killing 40,000 people a year. Forgive us. Make us to realize the seriousness of this tragic

fact. May it not be merely a statistic but may we see that every person killed is cherished by somebody, is precious and will be missed, is full of promise for tomorrow. So may we learn to be Christian drivers, making sure that the car is in good condition, that the driver is also in a good condition, and that we drive according to the Golden Rule—as we would have others drive unto us. O God, help America to learn the importance of safety in automobile driving. Bring our loved ones—and the loved ones of others, too—safe to their destination tonight. Through Jesus Christ our Lord. *Amen.*

Gracious Father, we thank thee for this daily bread, for milk and meat, for every expression of thy love for us. We are the recipients of so many good things in this land of abundance. But help us, O Lord, not to be self-satisfied. May we remember the hungry of the world, the sick, the diseased, and may we have the wisdom to work out a plan whereby all men everywhere may enjoy the good things of God. Likewise, our Father, give us spiritual food. Help us not to think merely in terms of feeding the body but also in terms of feeding the soul. So may we be more mindful of this spiritual food that is available to us in so many ways—through worship, through prayer, through Bible reading, through service to others. Enlarge our vision so we'll think of all men everywhere. *Amen.*



The Link

Satellite

We view developments in the world of religion

New Interest in Religious Drama

New interest in religious drama is developing in Protestant seminaries; twelve to offer courses in this field. Drama writing groups are finding encouragement among the churches. Alexander Federoff, author of the play "Day of Grace," says, "All human conflict involves value judgments and this includes religious conflict automatically." Jack Richardson, whose current play "The Prodigal" is an off-Broadway hit, said that he and his fellow authors would welcome direct drama commissions from the churches.

International Christian University

The twelfth anniversary commemorating the founding of the International Christian University in Japan will be celebrated by many churches throughout America on June 18, 1961.

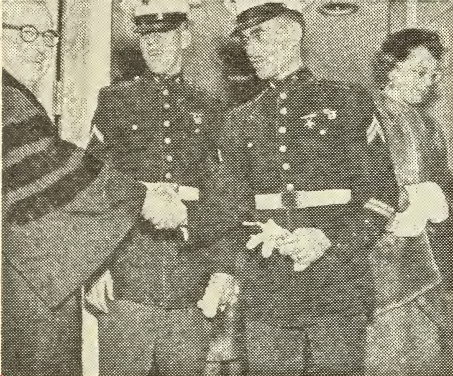
Interfaith Translation of the Bible

A team of Protestant, Roman Catholic and Jewish scholars has be-

gun work on a common translation of the Bible. It is planned for general reading and study, as well as to fill a need for interfaith investigations and discussions. The work is planned for publication in some thirty paperback volumes from 1962 to 1966 by Doubleday & Co., Inc.

American Income

According to *Current Business*, published by the U.S. Department of Commerce, total personal income in the U.S. in 1959 amounted to \$380.2 billions. 68.3 per cent, or \$259.5 billions, was received in the form of wages and salaries. 12.2, or \$46.3 billions, was received as payments for work by the self-employed: shop owners, individual contractors, physicians, attorneys, architects, farmers, etc. . . . The remaining 19.5 per cent of the total, or \$74 billions, was received in the form of rent, interest, dividends, pensions and social insurance payments—shared by wage and salary earners, as well as by the self-employed.



Dr. Marion J. Creeger, executive secretary of The General Commission on Chaplains, greets Pfc. William J. Grennan and Cpl. Paul T. Shepherd, Ordnance School, Quantico, after Protestant Birthday Sunday services which Dr. Creeger conducted in Memorial Chapel. Several hundred personnel and families attended.

Housework for Heart Patients

"Yes, I prescribe stair-climbing for some heart patients. And I tell them to help their wives with the housework. Actually most jobs are a cinch compared to housework." The source for this startling remark is Dr. Herman K. Hellerstein, director of the Cleveland Area Heart Society Work Classifications Clinic. Dr. Hellerstein believes that physical training may benefit heart patients by helping them face emotional and physical stress with steadier nerves and lower pulse rates.

Writers League Expands Regular Membership Eligibility

The Armed Forces Writers League has expanded its regular

membership to include any U.S. citizen "whose interests coincide with the aims of the Armed Forces Writers League." Formerly only members of the armed forces could be regular members. By September 1961 the national AFWL headquarters will be moved to a permanent location in the Washington, D.C., area.

Literacy Courses

The first university correspondence course in literacy is being offered by Baylor University, Waco, Texas. The course is numbered L.S. 190 and is given by Professor Richard W. Cortright. The course covers such subjects as how to teach new literates, how to organize literacy programs, how to use literacy techniques to help the retarded, the remedial, and the adult who has not had an opportunity to learn to read. It is surprising to note that one out of every ten adults in the United States is a functional illiterate (10.84%).

Illegitimacy in the U.S.A.

According to Glenn Matthew White in the December *Ladies' Home Journal*, every year some 20,000 girls and women enter the approximately 150 maternity homes scattered about the country, to give birth to those babies called illegitimate. Reports show an increase in recorded illegitimate births of 7,000 in a single year. In one average community more than a third of the girls in teenage marriages are pregnant at marriage. Says Mr. White:

"The social anxieties found in the poor and disorganized parts of our society a quarter of a century ago have spread upward." Illegitimacy occurs because of pure ignorance, of psychological tensions and situations, of environment, a desire to experiment, and lack of moral and religious training.

Clergymen in Congress

The new 87th Congress will have four Protestant clergymen in its membership. They are: Rep. Merwin Coad (Dem. Iowa); Rep. Walter H. Moeller (Dem. Ohio); Rep. Adam Clayton Powell, Jr. (Dem. New York); and Rep. Henry C. Schadeberg (Rep. Wis.). Former medical missionary, Rep. Walter H. Judd (Rep. Minn.) also won re-election to the seat he has held since 1942.

Don Newby to Africa

The Rev. Don Newby, for several years the executive secretary of the United Christian Youth Movement, has resigned his position to undertake a program of Christian youth development in Rhodesia. He left

in February for this new work to which he feels that God has called him. Don's decision is a living testimony that today's youth and youth leaders not merely preach the gospel but live it and are ready to go wherever God calls.

Church Giving

Contributions totalling \$2,407,-464,641 are reported by forty-nine Protestant and Eastern Orthodox Churches in the United States. Of this amount, 17.8 per cent of the total (\$428,591,000) is reported for benevolences, including home and foreign missions, relief abroad, etc. For all local congregational items and operations the sum of \$1,978,-676,692 was reported or 82.2 per cent of the total.

Back to the Congo

Missionaries asked to evacuate the troubled area of the Congo back in July 1960 have been returning to their posts. Mission stations are being manned; schools are being reopened; and at this writing it seems that the situation is being stabilized.

Chaplains W. R. Gentry and Richard E. Robinson with guests at the head table during the monthly breakfast of the Protestant Men of the Chapel, Ft. Buchanan, Puerto Rico.



The Link Calendar

SINCE Easter Sunday comes April 2nd, Good Friday and most of Passion Week occur during this month of March. Of course, Lent also continues. It is therefore an important month for the religious calendar.

March is also Red Cross Month. Likewise it is Children's Art Month. Purpose: "To emphasize the value and importance of participating art in the development of all children."

March 2 is Texas Independence Day. The Americans in Texas began their revolt against Mexico on March 2, 1835.

March 2 through April 2 is the 1961 Easter Seal Campaign. Its purpose is "to help finance care, treatment and rehabilitation of crippled children and adults."

March 4, 1789, the First Congress met in New York.

March 4 through the 10th is National 4-H Club Week. Purpose: "To inform more people, especially youth and parents, about the educational aims of the 4-H work."

March 5 through 11 is Save Your Vision Week, an emphasis which alerts the public to the need for good vision.

March 6—here's a good one—inaugurates National Smile Week. Its purpose: To stimulate the remembering of friends and loved ones with humorous greeting cards." Of course, if you smile, you have to have something to smile about! We should take hard knocks with a smile, but it is wrong to gloss over realities!

March 8 to 24, Curriculum Committees of the National Council of Churches will be meeting at Buck Hill Falls, Pa.

March 12 is the date for One Great Hour of Sharing.

March 12 through 19th is National Girl Scout Week. Girl scouting in the U.S. was founded by Juliette Low in Savannah, Georgia, March 12, 1912.

March 15 is Andrew Jackson's birthday. He lived 1767-1845.

March 16, 1801, West Point was established.

March 17 is St. Patrick's Day. March 17 is also Founder's Day for Campfire Girls, Inc.

March 19 is Quarterly Temperance Sunday.

March 19 through 25th is National Foreign Language Week. Americans need more seriously to study foreign languages so there will be a more sympathetic understanding of the people of other nations.

March 19 through 25 is also National Wildlife Week. This week focuses attention on the importance of our national resources.

March 21 is National Teen-Agers Day. Purpose: "To foster better relations between the teen-ager and adult."

March 26 is Palm Sunday.

March 31 is Good Friday.

Helps for Lay Leaders

MARCH study articles emphasize vital areas—the human body as a temple of the Holy Spirit; the revitalization of our churches for these new times; learning from the personality of Doubting Thomas; and the question of immortality. May you have some vital discussions in these areas.

1. Your Body Is a Temple (*see page 13*)

Bible Material: 1 Corinthians 6:12-20

Question: Why does a person misuse his body? Why do you suppose Philo Phemur is so concerned about the size of his biceps? Or why does Arno Byrd drink? If you were Paul, writing to one of these, what would *you* say? The word “holy” in Bible language is related to the idea of “wholeness.” What does this say to our ideas about the body?

2. Churches for New Times (*see page 22*)

Bible Material: 1 Corinthians 1:1-9

Questions: Honestly, what do you think of the church? What do your buddies think of it? Stuffy and self-centered? Actively concerned with things that matter most? Powerful influence or a weak and outmoded institution? Could one person, or even a few, have an entirely well-rounded picture of the church? How many opinions would you need before a true evaluation would emerge? Which of the facts in the article most deeply affect the church? Which ones provide the greatest challenge?

3. Doubting Thomas—One of Us (*see page 30*)

Bible Material: John 20:19-30

Questions: Read John 20:29. What do you think Jesus means by this? Did Jesus condemn Thomas for his doubts? What are some of the doubts you have? Where do they fit into the three kinds of anxiety described in the article? Is doubt a natural part of life? What should we do about doubt?

4. The Surest Things in Life (*see page 40*)

Bible Material: Hebrews 9:27; Job 14:14; 1 Corinthians 15:42-58

Questions: What is the undying soul? How does this majestic thought distinguish man from animals? What did Christ mean when he used the expression “abundant life”? What factors most increase your faith in immortality? What is death? Is there anything that takes the fear out of death?

Books Are Friendly Things

Inspirational Classics. A series of inspirational classics is being published by Fleming H. Revell (Westwood, N.J.). These are small books with a beautiful format & suitable as gifts. They sell for \$1.00 each. The four latest are: **Aces of Diamonds** by Russell H. Conwell; **Sayings of Poor Richard** from **Poor Richard's Almanac** by Benjamin Franklin; **Favorite Psalms**; and **Favorite Inspirational Poems**. The latter contains writings of van Dyke, Cheney, Whittier, Tennyson and other greats—classical and modern. Write to Revell for a complete list.

Persons interested in history will enjoy **The Civilization of Rome** by Donald R. Dudley, a new Mentor Book (New American Library of World Literature, Inc., 501 Madison Ave., New York 22, N.Y.). This is an original paperback, not available in any other edition, and sells for only 50 cents. It is a brilliant account of the glory that was Rome—its politics, history, religion, art—from the senators of the Republic to the Caesars of the Empire. Mentor publishes many other paperbacks. Write to them for a complete listing.

Any book by J. B. Phillips is an event. His most recent **God Our Contemporary** (Macmillan, 60 Fifth Ave., New York 11, N.Y. \$2.50) is one of his best. Mr. Phillips is well known for his translations of the New Testament. His **Letters to Young Churches**, a translation of Paul's letters, is now in a paperbacked edition—Macmillan, \$1.25. **God Our Contemporary** meets head-on the arguments against Christianity proposed by the agnostics. To our mind, Phillips leaves them no ground to stand on. This book will bolster up your faith and help you to meet the arguments of Christianity's critics.

Several helps on the study of the Bible have recently come from the presses. Westminster (Witherspoon Building, Philadelphia 7, Pa.) is producing a series of guides to the Bible. The latest is **The Church Faces the World** and contains a helpful interpretation, though brief, of the late New Testament writings. It sells for \$1.50. John Knox Press (Box 1176, Richmond 9, Va.) gives us **How to Study John** (\$1.75) and **How to Teach John** (\$1.50), both by Joseph M. Gettys. Moody Press (820 N. LaSalle St., Chicago 10, Ill. \$1.50) presents **An Outline of Old Testament History** by Charles F. Pfeiffer; and John Knox Press (see above) has produced a beautiful, large book called **Seasons of the Soul**, containing selections from the Psalms from a fresh translation by Archibald F. Ward, Jr. This sells for \$3.00.

Sound Off!

(Continued from page 4)

of these publications are indeed higher than ever before, and I trust that they may continue at this high level.

—Chaplain (Lt Col) Elmer E. Wehking, Sheppard Technical Training Center (ATC), USAF, Sheppard Air Force Base, Texas.

Can You Help Me?

I enjoy THE LINK very much, and am writing to see if you can help me.

I am a Seaman, married, with a new baby daughter. I would like to know what I should do to become a minister, and how long I would have to go to college, what colleges I can attend, specifically in Michigan, which is my home state. I would like to know if I could get my college by night school, because I do have a family and financial reasons may keep me from being able to go to college full time. I would appreciate this information very much.

—Barry Q. Cushman, SN, U.S.S. *John Hood*, C/O FPO New York, N.Y.

(We're delighted to know that another young serviceman wants to become a minister. We suggested to Seaman Cushman that he contact his denominational headquarters for help in selecting a college and seminary, and that he learn about the Ensign Probationary Program of the Navy.)

Grateful to GCC for helping Protestant Chaplains

May I take this opportunity of thanking the General Commission on Chaplains for "The Chaplains Guide to Church Membership"? How heartily we owe you a vote of genuine appreciation for including non-General Commission churches, and supplying the pamphlet to all Protestant chaplains. . . . Also, I am grateful for the fine work of THE LINK and THE CHAPLAIN; the work of Creeger, Witherspoon, and Fitzgerald. We have enjoyed the fine articles by Dr. Stuber.

Thanks, too, for the "Five Leaflets in New Format," and other publications available.

—Chaplain (1st Lt) Haydn L. Gilmore, USAF, 664 B Ridge Ave., Myrtle Beach Air Force Base, S.C.

Two Suggestions

First, I have so greatly enjoyed the series by Dr. Stuber on Protestant beliefs that I would like to see it published in booklet form.

Second, I think it would be a wonderful idea if you would leave the date off LINK's cover. The material in LINK is timeless. Many copies are left in hospitals and day rooms. However, when our men see that a particular copy is dated, they tend to ignore it as something outdated.

—Chaplain (Capt) Gerald H. Akins, Post Office Box 96, Ellsworth Air Force Base, South Dakota.

(Number 1 is being done. Number 2, we'd like to know what the rest of our readers think about this. Write us.)

At Ease!



"I'm writing my congressman about all this unnecessary paperwork."

PFC Edward W. Dias, 12th Engr Bn, and his friend made up this joke: A young GI walked into the chaplain's office with tears in his eyes and began his story: "My mother broke her leg, my father has lost his job, my sister has been thrown out of school for the lack of funds, and only last week my girl sent a letter saying she was going with another guy."

Smiling up at the young man, the chaplain replied: "Well, son, what's your problem?"

An old Indian stood on top of a hill with his son, looking over the

beautiful valley below them. Said the old Indian, "Some day, my son, all this land will belong to the Indians again. Paleface all go to the moon."

Church Management

Sam Levenson, TV celebrity, tells about the time when he was teaching school in Brooklyn and a pupil, passing him in the corridor, flipped him a casual, "Hi, Levenson." He grabbed the youth and barked at him, "To you, it's *Mister* Levenson."

"Oh?" the student said. "I didn't know you got married."

—Joe McCarthy in *American Weekly*

A querulous customer examined a cowhide jacket and demanded, "Are you sure this is good material?" "Of course," replied the clerk. "It held the cow together."

—*Lion Magazine*

Hungarian Communist Party leader Janos Kadar told this story at a Soviet reception in the United States: "What is the difference between an optimist and a pessimist?" Answer: "An optimist studies Russian and a pessimist studies Chinese." (Note: Some of us are not very optimistic about Russia!)

WIFE: Let's be fair about this. I'll admit I'm wrong if you'll admit I'm right.

—Gene Yassenak

Trouble with being a good sport is you have to lose to prove it.





